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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1938
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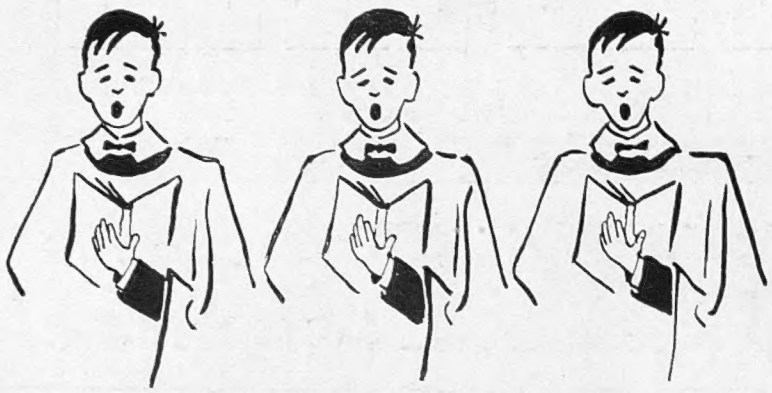

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THE SPHERE

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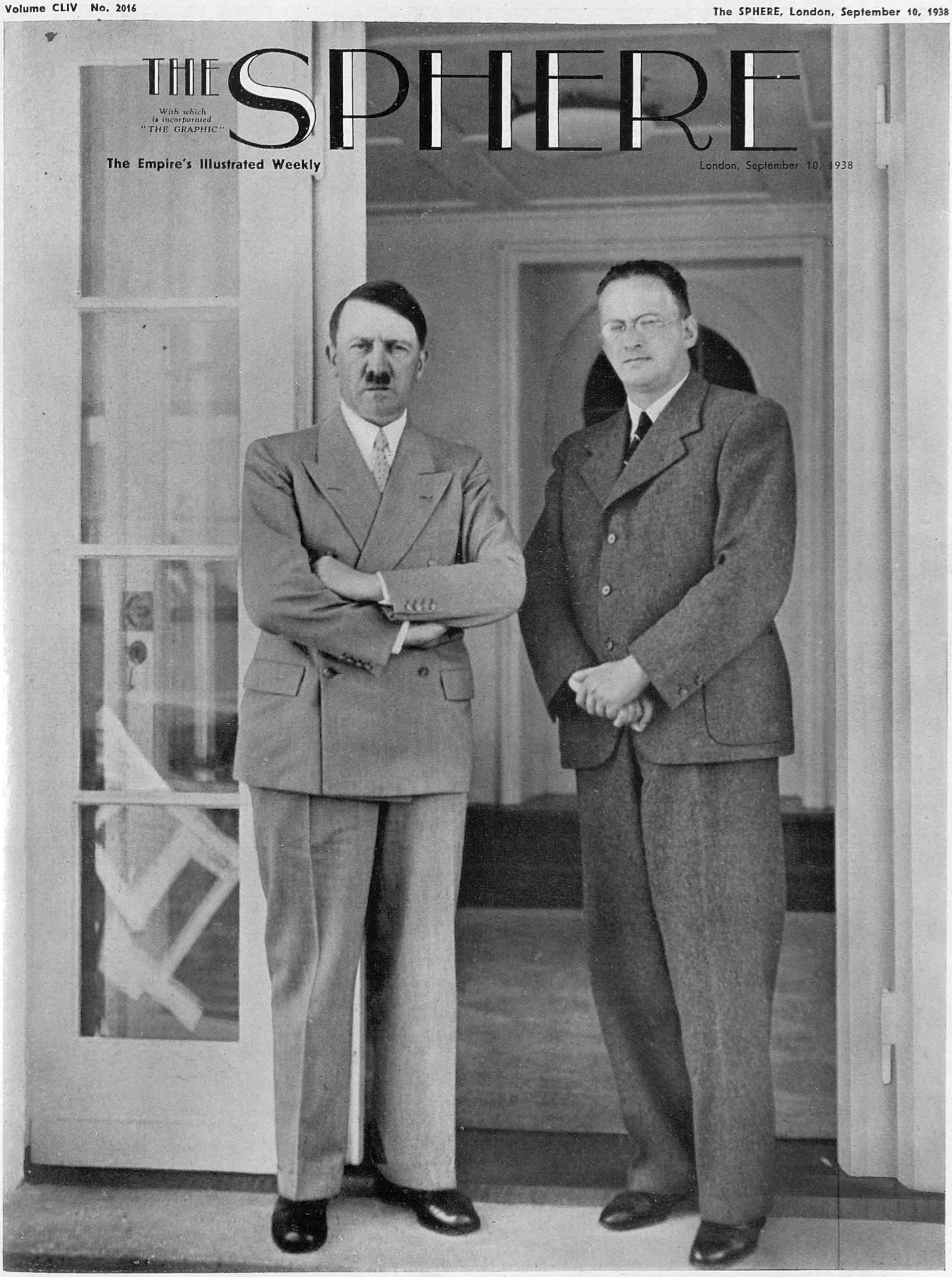
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 10, 1938



HITLER AND HENLEIN AT THE BERGHOF

The German Chancellor and the Leader of the Sudeten German Party in Czechoslovakia Meet to Discuss the Minority Question

Throughout the past fortnight the Czech-German situation has continued to pursue its tortuous, complex course, holding all Europe in its tense grip as Lord Runciman, Britain's unofficial mediator, has sought to narrow the gap between the maximum concessions offered by Czechoslovakia and the minimum demands of the Sudeten German Party. On September 2, Herr Konrad Henlein, leader of the Sudetens, crossed the frontier into Germany, and at the Berghof, Chancellor Hitler's headquarters in the Bavarian mountains, was received by the Führer and undoubtedly given explicit instructions as to future procedure. The nature of those instructions was not made known, but expert observers of the situation concluded in the light of subsequent events that Herr Henlein had been told to insist on a settlement in accordance with his eight-points speech delivered at Carlsbad on April 24 when he demanded, among other things, full self-government in the Sudeten area. On Tuesday of this week, following a five-hour Cabinet meeting in Prague, it was announced that the Czechoslovakian Government had formulated further proposals, offering even wider concessions which, it seemed, might well provide the basis for a settlement. Meanwhile, all eyes were turned on Nuremberg, where the great rally of the Nazi Party had begun

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COSMOPOLITAN LONDON: United States visitors chatting outside the American Express offices in Haymarket, their G.H.Q. during their stay in town. While Londoners have hied away to the seaside and the grouse moors, London has, as usual, been invaded by a host of holiday-makers from abroad, and in August and September its foreign floating population reaches peak for the year

TYROL: A visitor to London disports her national costume, lending a touch of continental colour to the scene

CHINA: The elegantly slim Oriental has advantage in a tight-fitting, costume of gaily printed mate occasions no surprise in cosmo

LANGUAGE IS NO BARRIER to these Swedish sailors from a visiting submarine as they make a purchase from a fruit-stall in Parliament Square. One pointing finger is worth a string of words

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, September 7, 1938.

THE CRISIS.—Just when things looked better, when Lord Runciman seemed to be getting near results in conciliation and Ministers began once more to turn their thoughts towards fishing tackle and golf clubs, the crisis loomed again, closer and more menacing than ever. Our ambassador hurried from Berlin, the Cabinet was summoned, and rumour rioted. The crisis found the peaceful powers in the usual postures. France apparently on the brink of revolution and disintegration, Britain ambiguous and Delphic, Russia forcibly clear in her choice of words and yet unconvincing. What in the name of sanity and logic is Germany about? One day one hears only of her longing for peace, her intention to press for arms limitation, her conviction that European war could not conceivably come. One read *Germany Speaks* and felt convinced that no one in Germany, judged sane on any standards, from Leader to Company Commander, wanted war or thought that war could bring to Germany anything but final disaster. The next moment Germany is unmasking her new guns, manœuvring a million men in arms on the frontiers, feverishly completing a Maginot line round the Reich territory and actually announcing her intention of proceeding to armed intervention if the last iota of the Sudeten demands were not instantly granted. Nothing seemed wanting to bring the certainty of war nearer, short of actual bloodshed and barrages. And yet, despondent as every one appeared to be, at the back of most of our minds clung the conviction that even now it is all part of a large bluff, that the issue is pre-determined, that the nearest point to the crater's edge has been surveyed and that the German chariot wheel will skid not one inch beyond the marked out line of safety. Not only do I believe that Hitler and the mass of the German nation do not want war ever and that her army does not want it now, but I believe even her most hot-headed and truculent leaders realise the universal doom of a European war and are well aware that armed intervention in Czechoslovakia must lead to it. I believe also that, left to themselves, the Czech Government and the Sudetens are capable of coming to terms acceptable for at least a trial period by both sides and humiliating to neither. In these circumstances I cling to the belief that Germany's tremendous show of force is one more gigantic bluff to assure to the Sudetens the limit of their desires and to stretch the Hodza Government to the breaking point—but not beyond it. A dangerous, a terrible, a sinful game, in which the Press plays a leading part, but one that with average luck may end without the final collapse of our civilisation. I ask myself whether I should be nearer panic or even more hopeful if I were in London. Sitting in a grouse butt in the sunshine and looking across to the eternal hills, unchanging and serene, it is hard to believe that anywhere in Europe or on the earth's face there are men ready for a gamble with death, ready to let loose the hell-hounds, ready to throw away the sweets of life which beckon more alluringly to-day for the millions than ever before since the golden age. Nuremberg will no doubt settle the issue *pro tem.* and precipitate or postpone the crisis. Meanwhile the Premier has gone back to Scotland.

THE TYRANNY OF BUREAUCRACY.—I sometimes wonder if ministers of the departments most closely concerned in local government realise the growing resentment of county councils at the blind and rigid tyranny exercised by their departments over local programmes. That resentment is especially strong in Scotland and in the Highlands where physical and geographical facts are so diverse and so peculiar as to make a common policy, centrally directed, utterly impossible. The rising wave of resentment covers two main subjects—extravagance and rigidity. The various departments most concerned work in watertight compartments. Each is determined, while the present wave of public spending lasts, to secure for itself every possible advance in social well-being that can be forced on the local authority. The Board of Education presses for longer schooling and better schools and conditions, the Transport Ministry is for ever pressing on road development schemes, the Ministry of Health enforces to the uttermost its housing ideals. Each works keenly and sincerely for the credit of its department, the power of each is canalised. And the brunt of the several attacks is borne by the local authority which is forever compelled to raise the rates, to borrow and to spend. Knowledge of local conditions alone can judge the moment when a halt must be called, when the last straw has been placed on the camel's back. Local authorities are in no doubt whatever that some degree of co-ordination between the spending departments is long overdue and that between them there must be more give and take in this keen rivalry to enforce expensive improvements. But this natural resentment is enormously increased by the blind rigidity of the departments in their policies. Local knowledge (nowhere more than in the Highlands) is essential, if the taxpayer's and ratepayer's money is to be wisely spent; and local knowledge is sometimes entirely disregarded. London imagines that what may do for Dorking will do for Dingwall; that Inverness and Brighton can be measured by the same yardstick. Ross-shire C.C. may press for a grant for a road in some remote area where communications are still in the stage of the seventeenth century. The central department is quite ignorant that such conditions still exist in the Highlands, refuses the grant and offers instead money for some eye-washing improvement in the Outer Isles which time and circumstance have rendered redundant. Ministers when pinned down are often sympathetic—they are vulnerable at this season, for they often holiday in the Highlands—but I imagine they realise how wholly under the control of their permanent officials they are and must be. The trouble is that so

QUEEN MARY IN SCOTLAND: Mr. J. Wilson Paterson, of the Office of Works, accompanying Her Majesty over a cobble-stoned path when she paid a visit on September 3 to the ancient Cistercian Abbey of Culross, Fifeshire. Queen Mary went into residence at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, last week, the visit being of an entirely informal nature

figure is se to high-col ed rial. A sight at politan Lo on

SWEDEN: The blonde Scandinavian type is no stranger to our city, for the ties between Britain and the northern democracies are strong. The Swedish people are keen walkers, with an infinite capacity for sightseeing, bred, no doubt, of their knowledge-seeking turn of mind

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

By
The Old Stager

much tyranny is exerted by very junior perm nt officials—very small cockerels indee And one last comment. When a Hi and constituency is represented in Pa ment by a Minister of the Crown, that c stituency's right of ventilating its gr ances in Parliament (by questions) taken from it. Mr. Malcolm MacI ld's constituency is a case in point

N /S FROM THE PAST. THE OLD SCHOOL TIE.—

"Dr. A. Nairn, Headmaster of Merchant ylors' School" has gone a long way si 1926. In July of that year he wrote trenchant article attacking the snobbishness and blindness of the fashionable girls' school "formed on the lines of Eton" and on the disastrous effect of the continuation of the system of fashionable public schools on such problems as birth-rate decline among the classes which should be the nation's strength. Not many parents of the upper and middle classes whose means are moderate will quarrel with this sentence of his:—"What sacrifices are made on this unworthy altar. Middle and upper class parents no longer dare to have large families, because it is impossible to face the prospect of paying £300 a year for several children in these days of high taxation. The professional and administrative classes are dwindling . . . The young people themselves no longer get the invaluable education which members of large families mutually provide. There is no spacious life for the children . . . We see the results—small families, discontented and rebellious children who dislike the narrowness of the life which the money sacrifices made by the parents enforce on them; who evince an inevitable clinging to the artificialities of life, since their education has tended to set so much store upon conditions and amusements that necessitate large expenditure; lack of initiative, engendered by the conventional nature of their training; absence of real sympathy with young men and women who have not had their expensive education and a habit of contempt for them, real if not actually expressed." In the midst of the summer holidays, some of these hammer blows will clang pretty loudly on the eardrums of parents. Twelve years have passed since the words were written. The system is more firmly entrenched than ever. Fees continually rise. Socially, I fancy we have actually stepped back several paces to the "Age of Privilege." And one of the writer's prophecies has come nearer fulfilment. To-day the decline in the birth rate of the classes which should be the strength of the country is giving food for anxious thought. In a few years more it may kill the system which has been so largely responsible for causing that decline. The vicious circle works to adjust every human or "civilised" movement which is based on an unworthy motive, or one not strictly utilitarian.

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON DEESIDE: The Queen and the kilted Princesses pictured at Crathie, near Balmoral, after attending a church bazaar. During their stay in Scotland Their Majesties have been entertaining largely, and the King has been able to offer some really excellent grouse shooting. His moor has, indeed, produced the largest bag so far recorded this season

LAND-SPEED.

—Captain Eyston, a studious looking man of forty-one, once a Cambridge rowing blue, has driven his car *Thunderbolt* over a measured mile in 10½ secs. in each direction. It gives him the easy record of 345 m.p.h. He previously held the record at 312 m.p.h. So progress continues. We are getting on steadily. In 1924 someone reached 130 m.p.h. land-speed. The 200 m.p.h. mark was reached in 1927. The 300 m.p.h. mark in 1935. The 400 m.p.h. mark is therefore due before 1940 and will doubtless be achieved if by that time civilisation is not made up of scattered groups drawing a bare means of subsistence from primitive methods of agriculture and living in caves and holes in the ground (conveniently made by bombs). To look at him you would not describe Captain Eyston as a fast man. But, attached to a *Thunderbolt*, he makes angry Jove look a fool.

LOCH NESS MONSTER.—

I have had a look over Loch Ness every year for more years than I care to count. I never yet saw the monster, but at long last I have come to hold the view that he exists. Whether he be 40 ft. long with seven humps and holds the water speed-record, or whether he be but a two-hump affair of 10 ft. or 12 ft. in length, I am converted to belief in the existence in the loch of a rare marine monster. In the dark unfathomed caves of ocean, there are creatures still unlisted and he, perhaps, is one of them. He passes from a myth to a fact needing further verification of detail, not of existence. He is something better than the 1914 Russian army myth. People in the south even now do not realise the boon he has been to Inverness and district. He is a gold mine, a loadstone, a clarion-call to tourists. He breeds new hostels, and tea houses; fills hotel and inns, draws countless charabancs, darkens the loch side with hungry and thirsty spectators. Inverness may well be proud and is wise to be jealous of him. His supreme value to Inverness is bound up with his mystery. Probe him, list him, and half his attraction will leak out. The nine years' wonder will become a nine days' wonder and—exit. At the moment he and the top of Everest and perhaps the mind of Hitler are all the mystery which remains to probe.

DEDICATING NEW STANDARDS during the open-air service held last Sunday on the cricket ground at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and attended by 5,000 members of the British Legion, drawn from the southern area. Earlier on, the legionaires paraded with the cadets, and were reviewed by General Viscount Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS.

—The Gentlemen and Players will soon be at grips again. The Gentlemen rarely beat the Players, though they did so in 1934 and in July of this year. What a curious survival that title "Gents v. Players" is. It belongs to the days when "privileged" men, still accounted sane, could and did say: "He's not a gentleman—he *works*." To-day definitions of "gentlemanliness" are drawn up on other standards. It may truthfully be said that every gentleman works to-day and *works for his living* if he can find remunerative work. Is the survival, then, a proof that the M.C.C. is a die-hard, shell-back body? I think not. The real difficulty lies in finding apt words in substitution. *Amateurs v. Professionals*? No, your star amateur of modern games—tennis, cricket, golf—must be a "professional" if he is to succeed. *Paid and Unpaid*? That were an unsatisfactory, contentious label; for even the amateur gets an "expenses" allowance. And so, for lack of any satisfactory substitute, the old name continues to remind us of an age of privilege and class distinctions and to draw a line where no clear-cut line exists.

THOUGHTS ON SHAVING.

—The ordinary man who lives out his "allotted span" shaves his face about 20,000 times before he is put into the ground to rot far quicker than his discarded razor blades. His discarded blades are a much more difficult problem in litter destruction than he is himself; 20,000 shaves seem rather few when considered as a life limit. It is quite easy to dispose of £20,000 in a couple of years. Still, 20,000 daily efforts are worth planning for and it astonishes me often that science has hitherto done so little to perfect the means of smoothly and quickly accomplishing a tiresome job that is the daily duty of hundreds of millions of adult males. The cut-throat razor did duty for centuries. Then came the patent safeties. There are many forms; they vary, but not widely. Their weaknesses are as patent as the inventions themselves, and I have usually found that they go out of business or begin to skimp the workmanship of their blades just about the time I am getting used to them. The electric clipper is among the newer devices and some say they favour it. But except in one's own home the device is open to obvious objections. It is no good (without a heavy dry cell) for shaving on the train or in primitive surroundings. It is high time that men of science got together to provide humanity with something really new and really quick and effective for this universal, daily and still tiresome duty.

FRENCH TROOPS "FIGHT" ON THE SWISS BORDER

Testing Besançon's Defences—Countering the Menace of the "Attaque Brusque"

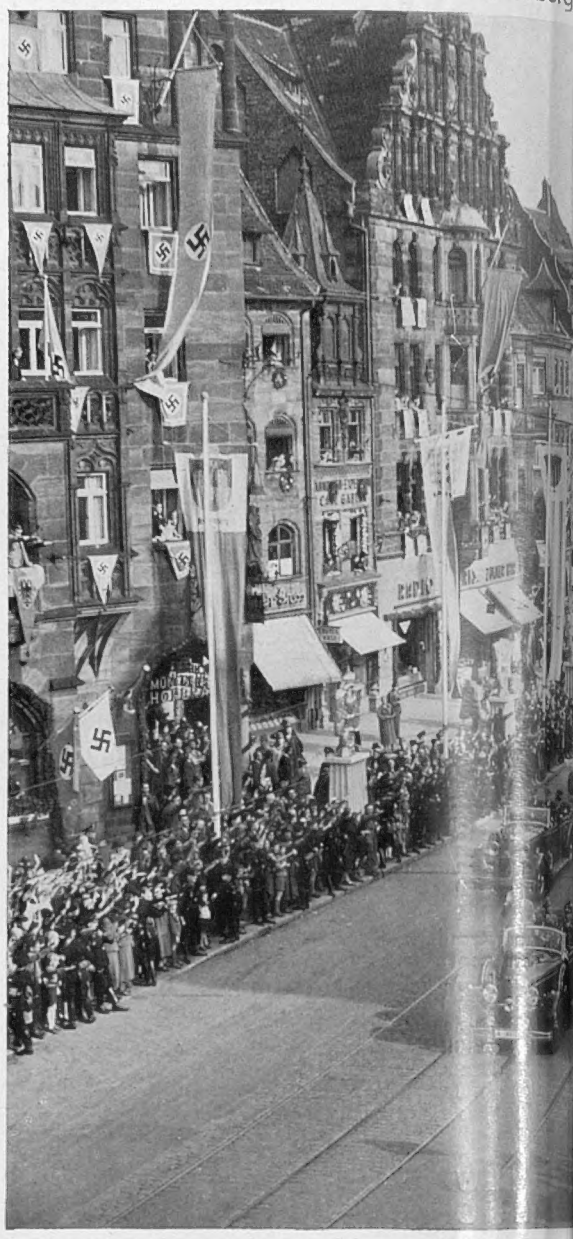
DISCUSSING THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: General Garchery, General Prioux (commanding the Seventh Military Area), and General Gamelin (Chief of the French Staff) gathered round a map during the French military manœuvres which opened last week between Besançon and the Swiss frontier. General Prioux directed the exercises, the main object of which was to test to the utmost the defences of Besançon

ADVANCING UNDER A SMOKE SCREEN: French infantrymen of the Thirteenth Division attacking during the military manœuvres in the Doubs Department near the Swiss frontier. The exercises were planned on an elaborate scale, and it was arranged that a numerically superior force should make a sudden, surprise raid on the bridges leading across the Doubs to Besançon. In addition to testing the defences of the town, this mimic battle will be of value in evolving a strategy capable of dealing with the "attaque brusque"

TRUMPETS AND TANKS: Men of the 506th Tank Regiment blowing a fanfare as they passed in review at the conclusion of the French army manœuvres in the Doubs Department. The men afterwards returned to barracks and, in common with all units garrisoned along the eastern frontier of France, from Luxembourg to Switzerland, were given strict orders last week-end not to leave their quarters—a measure that reflected the French Government's attitude towards events in Germany and Czechoslovakia

CHANCELLOR HITLER OPENS

Thousands Gather in the City of Nuremberg



THE FUHRER ACCLAIMED IN NUREMBERG: Chancellor Hitler and his entourage driving through the streets of the old city when they arrived on September 5 for the Tenth Annual Congress of the Nazi Party—a gathering that is invariably marked by a great display of military splendour and which, it is estimated, costs the Reich in

HEAVY FLOODING IN GERMANY: Water flowing through a breach in the Ernsche canal in the Ruhr valley where recent rains have caused large parts of this industrial area to be inundated and have done much to disrupt

THE NAZI PARTY CONGRESS

at a Crucial Moment in Continental Affairs

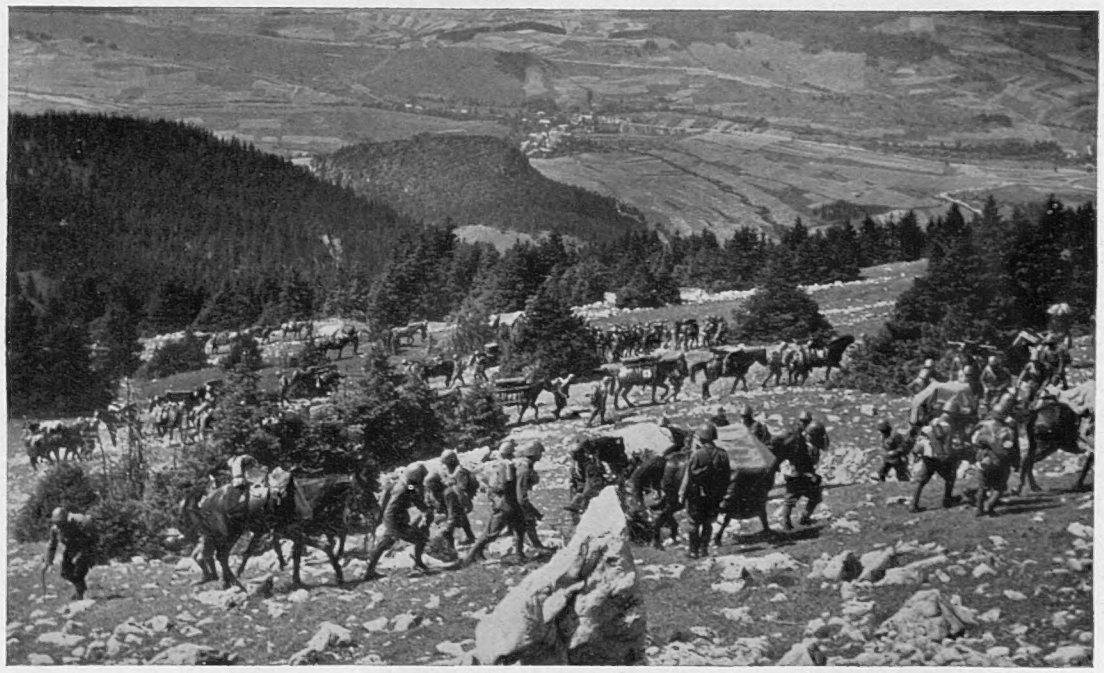
the neig urhood of £1,000,000 during the one week of its exist e, when it increases Nuremberg's population by some 60 00 people. On the opening day Herr Wagner, the Bava n party leader, read Herr Hitler's inaugural proclamatio a lengthy survey of policy including, contrary to all expec ion, no reference to the Czechoslovakian situation

communications. There have also been serious floods in Silesia, close to the Czechoslovakian frontier, several large towns being cut off. In Neisse 400 houses have been washed away while four bridges over the River Oder have met a similar fate

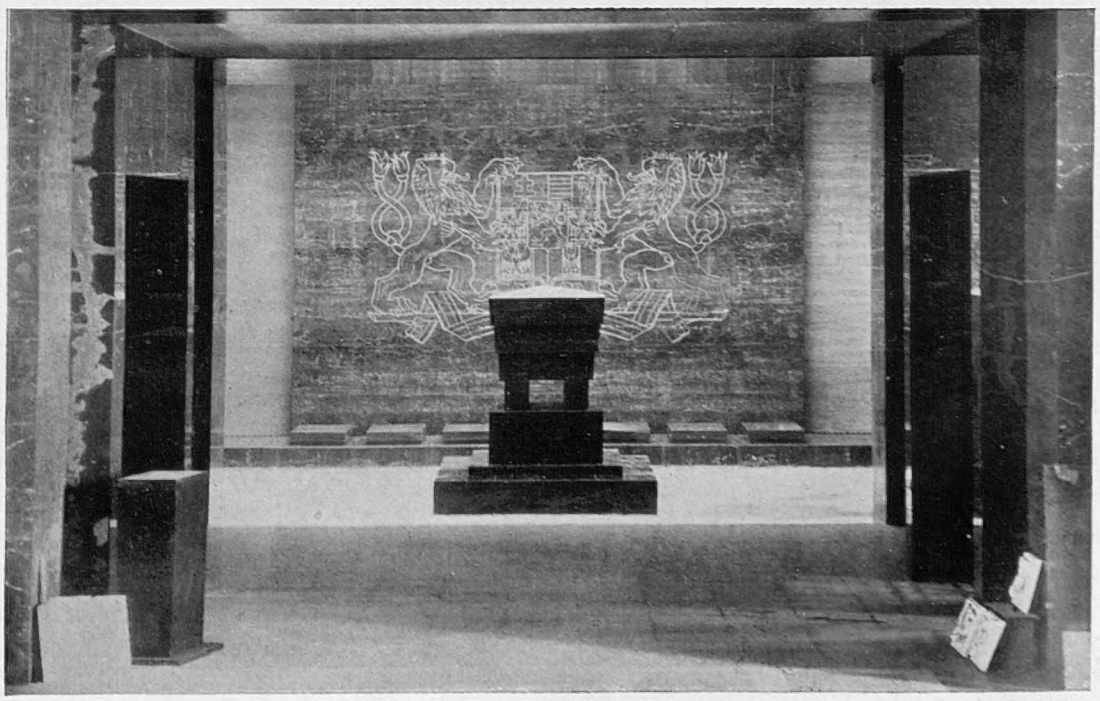
THE CZECH ARMY HOLDS ITS AUTUMN EXERCISES

A Force with a Reserve of Arms Second to None Among the Smaller Powers

CZECH CAVALRY FORDING A STREAM during the early autumn manœuvres which, for obvious reasons, have been conducted on an extensive scale this year. The peace strength of the army to-day is fixed at 180,000, or about fourteen divisions, which can be increased to twenty-eight divisions by partial mobilisation. Full mobilisation would furnish about 1,000,000 soldiers, a figure which could be supplemented in case of war by volunteers outside the limits of conscription and by men of the semi-militarised Sokol organisations



MANŒUVRES IN THE MOUNTAINS: An artillery detachment of the Czechoslovakian army operating in a region where mules provide a far more effective means of transport than mechanised units. The Republic is particularly strong in artillery, manufacturing its own weapons at the Skoda works, Pilsen — an organisation ranking in importance to Krupps of Germany and Schneider Creuzot of France



FOR A NATION'S ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD: To this tomb in the new Pantheon, which is being built on the heights of Zizka above the city of Prague, will shortly be brought for reburial the body of the late President Masaryk. It is intended that the Pantheon shall be the resting-place of all Czechs who have deserved well of their country, particularly of those who helped to bring Czechoslovakia to statehood during the great war

THE HOP-PICKERS AT WORK

HOPPING TIME DOWN SOUTH: Hop-pickers at work on the Kentish harvest which is now in full swing and, as usual, giving many London families a chance of a country holiday with pay. Altogether about 100,000 people are at work and the crop is definitely good, having increased in weight following the warm weather of early August. *Below*—A little boy kissing the ring of the Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark during his visit to the hop gardens

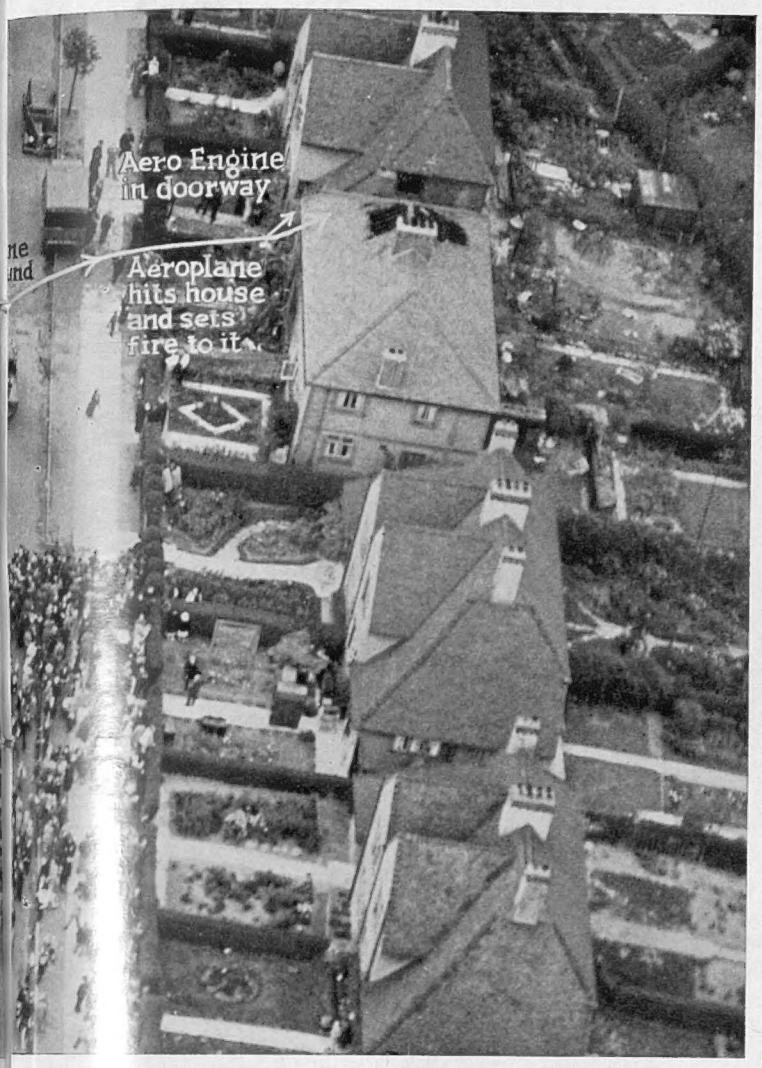
On left—DOING THE LAMBETH WALK! A young hop-picker appropriately arrayed for the first day of the season

A TRAGIC SUNDAY IN

HOW IT HAPPENED: This picture shows the way in which the R.A.F. plane which crashed in Edmonton last Sunday, causing the loss of eleven lives, first hit the roof of a house, fell into the road, and then bounced into another house, which was immediately set alight by the explosion of the petrol tanks. The disaster occurred near Pymmes' Park, and it appeared

TORN FROM ITS HOUSING by the sheer force of the crash, the engine of the R.A.F. plane involved in the Edmonton disaster fell in the doorway of a villa in Dunholme Road, causing considerable damage. The rest of the machine was completely burnt by the fire which followed the bursting of the petrol tanks and the pilot, Sergeant Morris, was killed instantly

EDMONTON : Many Civilians Lose Their Lives as a Plane Crashes on a Housing Estate



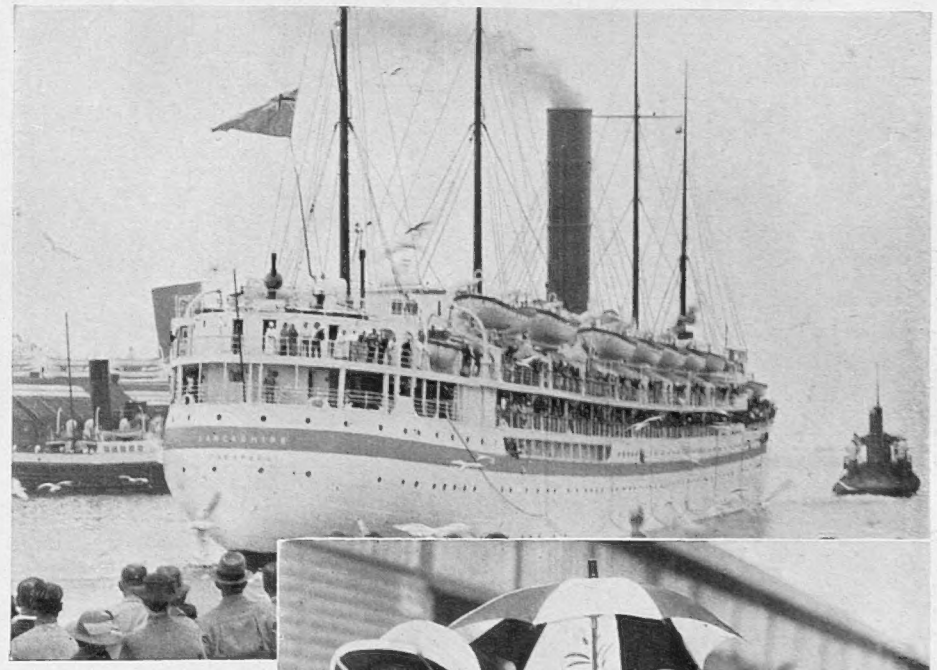
to onlo[oking] that Sergeant S. R. Morris, who was piloting the machine, was unable t[o find] an open space sufficient to make a forced landing, eventually coming down [com]pletely out of control. It is not known at the time of writing why the [plane] was over the Edmonton district, but the tragedy has taken place at a mo[ment] when there is a growing protest against excessive Sunday flying

IN TRAGEDY'S WAKE: The wrecked roof of the house which the R.A.F. plane struck in its headlong dive, and on the right the house burnt out subsequently. An eight-year-old boy was in the garden of the first house and was struck by a wing, being killed immediately, while the death roll in the other home was much greater as the occupants were trapped in the flames

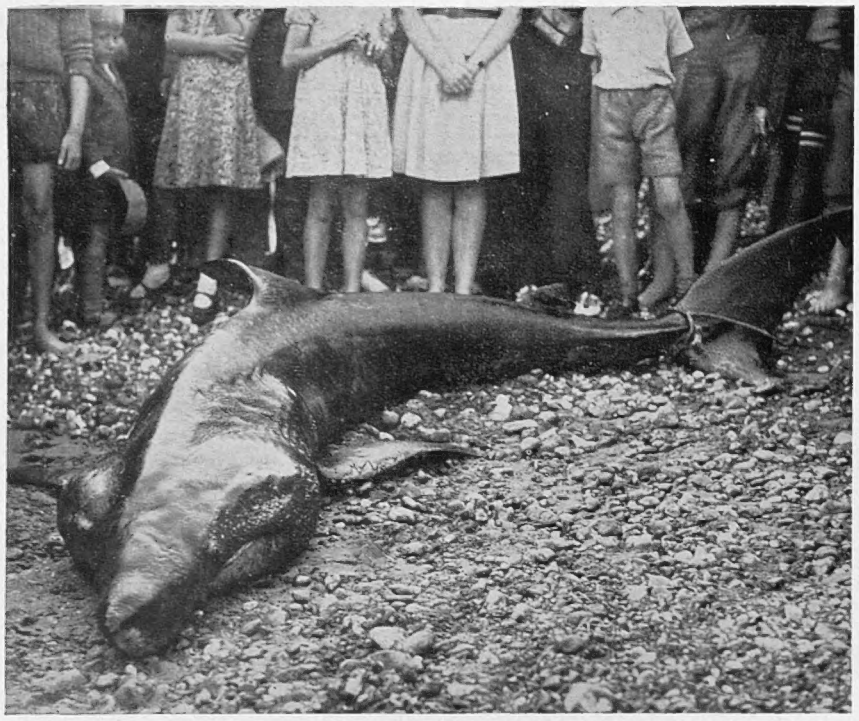
THE HEIGHT OF PATHOS: Amid the debris in this garden in Dunholme Road was found the toy car of three-year-old Terence Callaghan, who died in hospital following the Edmonton plane crash. His brother Dennis was also numbered among the dead, while his father was reported on the next day to be in a critical condition in North Middlesex Hospital

WHEN A TROOPSHIP SETS SAIL

GOOD-BYE TO ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY: Men packing the deck of the *Lancashire* as she left Southampton last week at the start of the trooping season, and (*below*) the ship pictured as she set off towards the open sea. On board were members of the 2nd Battalion, East Surrey Regiment, bound for Shanghai; the 54th Field Company, Royal Engineers, bound for Egypt; naval details for Hong Kong; and families of members of the Durham Light Infantry



On right—ONE WAS WILLING, ONE WAS SAD: These two little girls left Southampton in the troopship *Lancashire*



WHEN THIS 12 FT. BLUE-NOSED SHARK SUDDENLY APPEARED AMONG BATHERS AT WEYMOUTH. Mr. A. Banks, of Orpington, Kent, and Mr. J. Staggan, of Bristol, waded into the sea, secured it with a rope, and dragged it ashore

THE KING AND QUEEN OF BULGARIA IN LONDON: Their Majesties pictured on arrival this week on an informal visit. King Boris has since met Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, and the Royal couple have been invited to stay at Balmoral

FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Lord Hayter, chairman of the Chubb Lock and Safe Co., of Wolverhampton, presenting a long-service commemoration gold watch to Mr. C. Dawes, who entered his employment in 1882, when the company was formed. Lord Hayter, whose 90th birthday it was, afterwards opened the firm's new model factory

GERMANY SILENT *About Her Navy*

To-day a More Efficient Professional Force than It Was in the Mid-war Period

IN the consideration of Germany's fighting forces the general public has given comparatively little attention to the navy in comparison with the air force and the mechanised army, yet the German fleet is undoubtedly a very formidable force and its potential value in a war-nervous Europe has been increased by carefully arranged secrecy of unknown depth. Everything concerned with the navy is kept very carefully confidential, especially anything that goes wrong in any way whatsoever. The public never hears of that, and even the discussion of any mishap within the fleet is strictly forbidden under pain of heavy punishment. This is merely part of Germany's policy; it must not be taken that there is much to hide. The German navy is one of the most remarkable military forces of modern times, but no fleet in the world could be as perfect as official Germany would have its public believe.

When the Treaty of Versailles was framed it was thought that the German navy would never again be a factor in European politics, a sad misreading of the repeated lessons of history. Germany was allowed to possess six battleships and two in reserve, with a maximum tonnage of 10,000 and no gun bigger than 11-in., six cruisers with two in reserve, the maxima 6,000 tons and 6-in. guns, twelve destroyers with a maximum of 800 tons in addition to torpedo boats and small craft, submarines being absolutely barred. Great surprise was expressed when the German authorities chose to retain all the oldest ships which they possessed, but the treaty had laid down age limits for each type, and by doing this the Germans had the right to replace the ships whenever it was convenient to them, and in the meantime they were good enough for training. Just as they had done in Napoleon's time, they were putting to their own advantage all the conditions imposed on them.

By FRANK C. BOWEN

The treaty forced them to enlist volunteer seamen only, on twelve-year engagements, but while they formerly had the greatest difficulty in persuading their conscript seamen to engage for four years in order to qualify for promotion, they soon had the pick of the country volunteering. Iron discipline and scientific training made practically all the volunteer seamen potential petty officers, while a very strong officers' corps was retained to be drawn upon when needed.

It was the tonnage limitations of the treaty which produced the most remarkable results; metallurgists, engineers and ship-builders worked together and German ships contrived to get more on to their limited displacement than had been thought possible. The most conspicuous were the three "pocket battleships" of the Deutschland class whose 10,000 tons permitted considerable protection, although it was mostly vertical armour or in a form of sub-division with only the decks over the magazines particularly heavily plated against aircraft, diesels of 54,000 h.p. giving a speed of 26 knots and a large radius of action, and a main battery of six 11-in. guns. These ships were hailed as the most remarkable capital ships ever designed, and although on active service they have not proved quite as satisfactory as had been advertised, there is no doubt that they marked a definite milestone in naval construction and the French had to go to over 26,000 tons to reply to them with a reasonable margin. They cost between £375 and £400 per ton, a colossal price.

Six new cruisers of steadily improving design ran up to 6,000 tons, the latest mounting nine 5·9-in., eight 3·5-in., seven small guns and twelve torpedo tubes, with a speed of 32 knots and stowage for two aircraft, while the British ships most nearly comparable, of 5,270 tons, mounted six 6-in., four 4-in. and sixteen small guns, with six torpedo tubes, a speed of 32¼ knots and one plane, with considerably less protection. Similarly twelve remarkable destroyers were built within the limit of 800 tons, but they cost £215 per ton which was very expensive for such ships. Electric welding was used extensively in all these ships to save weight, about 550 tons in each of the Deutschland battleships, but on active service in Spanish waters many ships have shown an alarming tendency to crack their plates, not on the welds but parallel to them.

In the spring of 1935 Herr Hitler suddenly announced that Germany no longer considered herself to be bound by the Treaty of Versailles, and it became publicly known that forbidden naval construction had already been started and full preparations made on a large scale. A big programme was announced, consisting of two capital ships of 26,000 tons, two 10,000-ton cruisers, sixteen 1,625-ton destroyers, and a number of submarines ranging from 250 to 750 tons. Later an agreement was reached with Britain by which the German navy was not to exceed 35 per cent. of the British in each class except submarines, when they could go to 45 per cent.

The tiny submarines which were turned out in considerable numbers were of limited range, but they were the finest possible means of training a large body of specialists in the shortest time and could be used for coast defence and Baltic work. They were built by mass production methods, the necessary experiments having been made by friendly Baltic powers, but the German navy has not yet approached the maximum of this type, which is roughly 34,000 tons.

They have, however, an exceedingly useful submarine fleet for short distance work, and it seems to be very well handled. It is backed by sixteen 1,625-ton destroyers mounting five 4·7-in. guns apiece, either ready or nearly so, ten 1,810-tonners building, eighteen 600-ton sub-destroyers and thirty-odd motor torpedo boats.

In the cruiser category they have, completing, building or projected, three 10,000-ton Washington type ships mounting 8-in. guns, two 10,000-tonners and three 7,000-tonners mounting 5·9-in. guns. The third of the Washingtons was the *Prinz Eugen*, launched recently by Madame Horthy.

Two aircraft-carriers of about 19,250 tons are also under construction, and would appear to be designed primarily for raiding, for they carry fewer planes than foreign ships of their size, but a heavy armament for self-protection. Finally, there are the capital ships, *Gneisenau*, which has just been commissioned, and her sister, the *Scharnhorst*, which is not far behind her—30-knot ships of 26,500 tons, mounting 11-in. guns, and two 35,000-ton battleships with 15-in. pieces. It is understood that these ships carry more horizontal armour than most German vessels, but this is designed as much to protect them from long-range fire, when the shells fall at a sharp angle, as from aircraft whose bombing damage the German navy is inclined to take very lightly. They have, however, very powerful anti-aircraft batteries like all the recent German ships, and are prepared to keep enemy planes at a great height. No money has been spared for fuel or ammunition, and professionally the German navy to-day is regarded as being considerably higher than it was in 1916.

London in the DOG DAYS

THE DESERTED CITY: This unusual but quite understandable notice was posted up outside Christ Church, Victoria Street, throughout last month, as it is found in holiday time that congregations dwindle almost to nothing. Whether there is a corresponding increase in church attendance at the seaside is another matter

SEEING THE SIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN: This party of Hitler Youth leaders, pictured on the Embankment near the Tower of London, has been over here on a short holiday visit. They were shown round the city by Mr. Compton Domvile, son of Admiral Sir Barry Domvile. The Hitler Youth movement is almost the exact counterpart of Italy's Ballila and is recruited from the entire male juvenile population of the Reich

THE SHOPPERS' GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND: This is Miss Patricia Cocks, who has been nominated as "Miss Oxford Street" and whose duty it is to parade the famous thoroughfare and give help to the shopping public. Many traders are co-operating in this novel idea

OFF TO THE TROUBLED HOLY LAND: Just a few of the 120 new recruits to the Palestine Police Force seen outside the offices of the Crown Agents for the Colonies at Millbank, London, before leaving by bus for Tilbury, where they embarked on a liner bound for Palestine. Altogether 350 men have been recruited during the past few weeks from some 2,000 applicants, and the men are being sent off in two batches

MEET MIRIAM: This veteran Austin, seen as she arrived outside the Gaiety Theatre last week, is one of the props, and an important prop, too, in the new musical comedy *Running Riot*, figuring in several of the bright passages between Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Richard Hearne. Miriam was acquired for a pound or two

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CIVIL AIR GUARD COMMISSIONERS took place last week at Ariel House, Kingsway, when Mr. Robert Murray, Lord Londonderry, Air Commodore J. A. Chamier (organising secretary), Captain H. H. Balfour (Under-Secretary of State for Air), Mrs. F. G. Miles, and Major Alan Goodfellow (who are shown left to right) considered questions of organisation. The scheme enables flying clubs to train pupils in aircraft of less than 1,200 lb. at 5s. an hour at week-ends or 2s. 6d. an hour on other days; or in machines of more than 1,200 lb. at double those rates. Applicants have to pass a medical examination

CHICAGO: City of Superlatives

A FOREST OF FLOODLIT CONCRETE: Chicago's skyline after dark, viewed from the shores of Lake Michigan

By NOELLE HAMBLEN

CHICAGOANS will tell you quite sincerely that their city is the finest in the world. There is no argument about it. It's a fact. For them, New York is scarcely in the running; London, Paris, and Berlin are vague outlandish places classed together as "foreign." They visit them out of curiosity or in search of culture, but never rank them on a level with the cities of America. These jewels of great price, set apart by virtue of their superior street-planning, systematic numbering, high buildings and efficient traffic control, have mass-producing factories which are an example to civilisation, super offices, express lifts, one-way boulevards and other obvious advantages. What more does one want of a city?

Unfortunately, to the English visitor all American cities look exactly alike. Some are cleaner than others. They vary only in that respect and in size. To the American this lack of character means

MAN-MADE CANYON: This is Michigan Avenue, Chicago's most impressive thoroughfare

nothing. They are real places, bound up with his life and aspirations—neonlit backgrounds for the all-absorbing career of "getting on." His own particular city is the testing field for his enterprise, where his ability is tried and his nervous system exhausted in the struggle for success. He sinks or swims with its fortunes, and its life blood pulses in his veins. He boosts it above all rivals, until it naturally becomes supreme in his own mind.

And so the newcomer to Chicago, fresh from the wonder of New York, is drawn immediately into a "Wait-until-you-see-Chicago" campaign. There is nothing to be done about it—one merely prepares to be impressed.

It is not difficult—up to a point. There are many things about Chicago which are impressive. You can rave satisfactorily about the grandeur of Michigan Avenue, or the skyline as seen from the Lake Shore Drive, where a stream of cars glides north and south at 50 m.p.h. You exclaim involuntarily when you first see the view from the fortieth floor of the Pure Oil building after dark, and look out on a forest of floodlit concrete and an intricate pattern of lighted streets. You are breathless with speed, dazed by the immensity of everything. "This is the biggest building in the world," Chicagoans say proudly, "the biggest bank, the biggest neon sign." And they are always right, for Americans have accurate minds. They swallow facts greedily and produce figures to confound your tentative remarks. It is useless to "think" that the corresponding building in New York is higher, wider or finer. They shatter your arguments with statistics. After a while you give it up and resign yourself to admiration.

By the time you reach the centre of the "Loop" you will be unable to register anything but terror. The "Loop" is the heart of the city; a rectangle less than a mile square formed by the elevated railway lines which run in from the north, south, and west. It frames the chief business, shopping, and theatre districts in an unsightly viaduct of iron girders. Electric trains grind their way along it, adding their contribution to the general uproar. Below, in the streets, trams groan, bells ring, and klaxon horns squawk. Each time the traffic lights change from red to green and back again a policeman whistles shrilly; taxis and cars behave with glorious abandon; thousands of people rush along the pavements as if death were at their heels. It probably is. The crossings look as if they might incur great loss of life.

Here, in the centre of this pandemonium, is the busiest—and certainly the noisiest—corner in the world.

It is the intersection of Chicago's two chief streets—State and Madison. State Street runs north and south, parallel with Lake Michigan; Madison Street crosses it at right-angles from east to west. All the street numbers in Chicago start from this point. Everything north of Madison Street numbers from 1 to 7,200 at the northern city limits; everything south of Madison numbers from 1 to 13,500 south. Similarly, all numbers west of State Street run from 1 to 8,000 west. Eastward, owing to the proximity of State Street to the lake, only 100 numbers separate it from the wind-swept glory of Michigan Avenue

Streets are divided into blocks of buildings—eight blocks to a mile. So you need never get lost. You can always work out for yourself exactly where everything is. In a flash you realise where people live. Given the correct street numbers, such as Sixty-four Hundred North and Ten Hundred West, you know that they have an apartment on the north shore, near Loyala University. You also jump to the conclusion that it's about six miles from the centre of town. On the other hand, should the address be Sixty-four Hundred West and Ten Hundred North, they live in Oak Park, a suburb six miles inland from the lake.

It is all quite simple. Probably the first dozen times you get lost will be the worst.

You will therefore be duly horrified when you stand at One North State and One East Madison and contemplate the busiest corner in the world, trying to work out for yourself just where everybody lives and where you're going next.

The financial section of the "Loop" is in La Salle Street, the Wall Street of Chicago—but much finer, of course. At the end of it the Board of Trade building towers like a crag blocking a mountain gorge. The wheat market is held daily in its Exchange Hall behind the tall windows which overlook the street. The various commodities (wheat, corn, oats, and cotton) are offered for sale in circular pits sunk in the floor. White-coated brokers swarm round them, shouting and gesticulating. They use an elaborate system of hand-signals for buying and selling. One finger represents a unit of 5,000 bushels; prices are indicated by another set of signals, the hand held horizontally. Transactions are accomplished with lightning speed.

The effect from the visitors' gallery is bedlam. Everybody shouts at once; hands wave in the air; messenger boys rush from telephones to pits; brokers yell and argue. Blackboards at the end of the hall indicate the fluctuation of world markets, and the magical finger-work of the brokers is harder to follow than a conjurer's sleight of hand.

As closing hour approaches the members wipe perspiring brows and creep away exhausted. They recuperate in the nearest bar and start all over again next day. Rich to-day, poor to-morrow, living at a tempo no human machine was designed to withstand, few of them survive to a ripe old age. The smartest guy wins—if he doesn't drop in his tracks.

Outside, pigeons are wheeling above the portico of the Board of Trade, searching for stray grain samples. The street is like a cavern of cold shadow; the buildings rush skyward in pursuit of the sun. Swing doors revolve incessantly, spilling men and women of

(*Continued on page* 428)

On right—

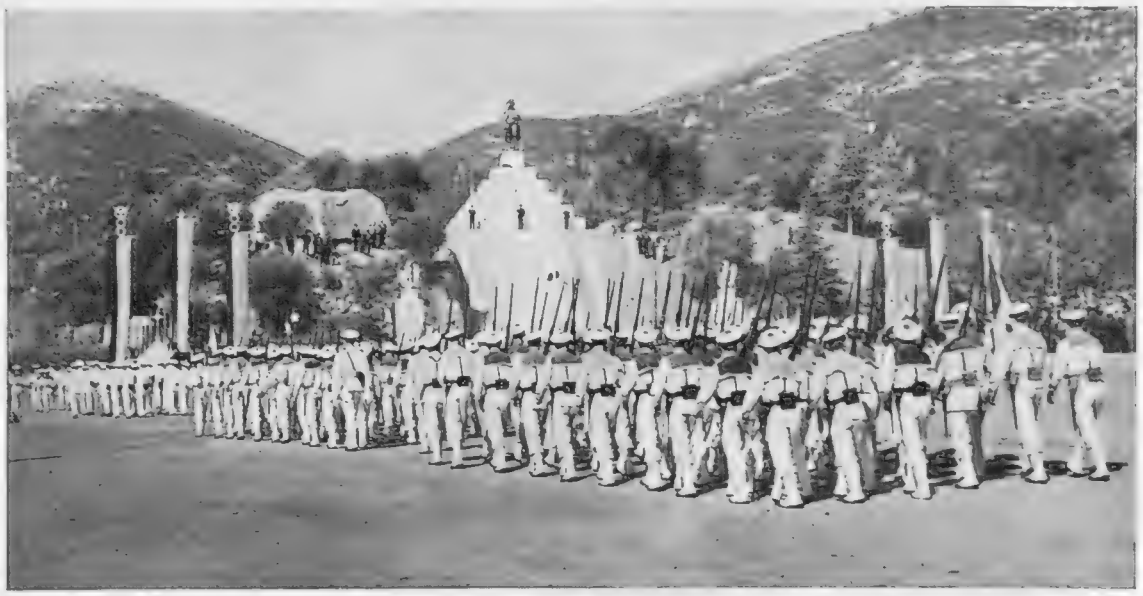
IN THE HEART OF THE MADDING CROWD: When Chicago's working hosts pour at lunch hour each day from their skyscraper offices to throng the sidewalks and the cafeterias

KING ZOG CELEBRATES the 10th ANNIVERSARY of HIS REIGN

Premier Daladier and the Czech Crisis — A Big Day in Ajaccio—A Lumber Yard Burnt Out in Jerusalem Near the Talavera Barracks

TEN YEARS ON A BALKAN THRONE: It is this anniversary that King Zog of Albania is now celebrating, and he is seen here with Queen Geraldine, whom he married four months ago, at a reception given in honour of the occasion at the Royal Palace, Tirana. King Zog, who is forty-five years of age, has had a remarkable public career which started in the great war, when he fought for Austria. Later he entered Albanian politics, and after being successively Minister of the Interior, Minister of War, and Premier, assumed the Presidency of the State in 1925. Three years later, much in the manner of Napoleon III, he proclaimed himself sovereign

FRANCE'S STRONG MAN: Prime Minister Daladier seen outside the Elysée Palace after conferring with President Lebrun and his Cabinet colleagues on the German-Czech situation



ANOTHER STATUE TO NAPOLEON: French marines filing past the new monument to the conqueror after it had been unveiled at Ajaccio, Corsica, by the French Navy Minister, M. Campinchi, who is himself a Corsican and an ardent admirer of the island's immortal son. M. Campinchi took as text for his oration Napoleon's saying, "In time the sword will always be beaten." Then, digging at Dictatorship, he declared:—"These words are worthy to be recalled at a moment when certain men profess disdain for liberty and are showing a desire to outlaw traditional values"

THE BIGGEST FIRE JERUSALEM HAS KNOWN IN RECENT YEARS occurred towards the end of last month when a large lumber yard and a store of coal were burnt, possibly as a result of sabotage. The conflagration was within a stone's throw of the Talavera Barracks where a considerable body of British troops is at present stationed

IN SUDETENLAND

IN A STRONGHOLD OF THE NAZI FAITH: Members of the Sudeten German Party marching through the streets of Komotau to present a petition at the town hall. Komotau is a place of about 31,000 inhabitants and lies in the Bohemian province of Czechoslovakia, being only a few miles from the German border. The towering Erzgebirge makes a natural frontier between the two countries

GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER: *Above* — Members of the Czech State Police, and (*above on right*) a customs guard. During the months

THE MARKET SQUARE AT EGER: This town, which also lies on the German-Czech frontier, was the scene last May of an incident which considerably aggravated the political situation. According to the Czech version two Sudeten Germans were killed when attempting illegally to cross the border into Germany. They refused to obey a police order to stop and, as a result, the police fired

THE ARMED GENDARME, or local police officer; a type distinct from the Czech State Police whose activities are largely directed against political crime. Over and above all, the gendarme has no concern in party politics, giving favour to neither one side nor the other

WHERE GERMANY AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA MEET: The frontier post at Sebastiansberg. A lonely spot in the mountains dividing the German province of Saxony from the Czechoslovakian province of Bohemia. A series of three stone walls has been built there in order to prevent customs evasion

HERR HENLEIN'S HOME AT ASCH: In this unpretentious dwelling in a typical Bohemian town lives the leader of the Sudeten German Party—the ex-gymnastic instructor who of recent months has suddenly sprung into the limelight of world affairs, recognised as a figure who can make or mar the peace of Europe. Asch, significantly enough, lies in a neck of Czechoslovakian land that juts right into Germany

TO-DAY:

Sights and Scenes in the Most Strongly Pro-Nazi Area of Czechoslovakia Near the German Border

of tension in Czechoslovakia the police have had many onerous duties, but up to the time of writing there has been little bloodshed

THE PEAT CUTTER: A typical labourer of the German-Czech borderland. He works in the mountain fastnesses round Sebastiansberg, two countries lying within his field of vision. *Below*—Farming folk of the Elbe valley, which pierces the frontier at a point about 50 miles north of Prague and thereafter proceeds north-west towards Dresden

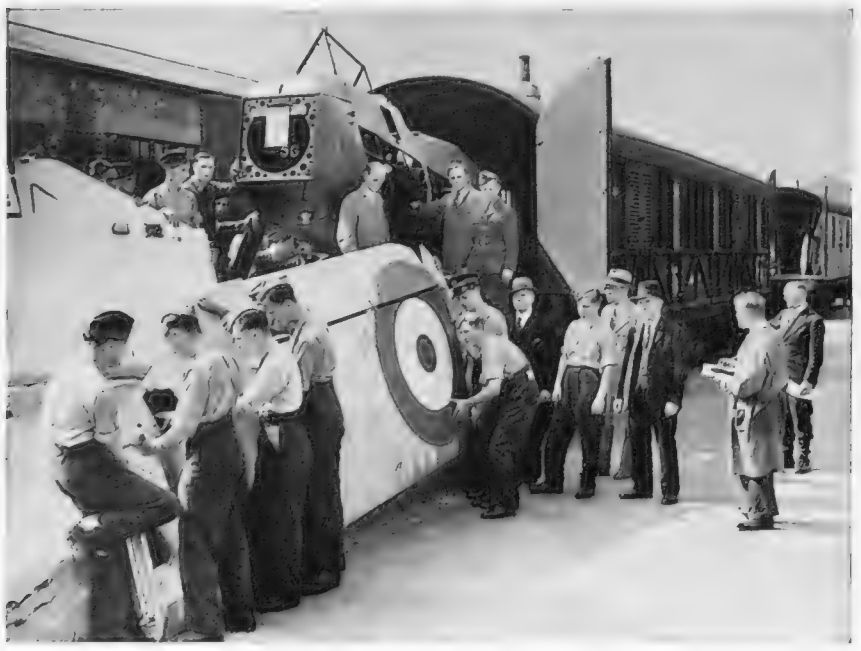
THERE THEY DO AS THE NAZIS DO: Sudetens drilling with spades at Teplitz-Schonau, one of the larger towns in the frontier region where the pro-German element is particularly strong and followers of Herr Henlein have been eager to copy the ways of their brothers across the border

ON THE VERGE OF THE BAVARIAN FOREST: The customs post at Asch, the frontier town which has achieved new fame as the home of Herr Konrad Henlein, leader of the Sudeten German Party. Asch is so situated on a narrow neck of Czechoslovakian land jutting into Germany that roads radiating from it to the north, the east, and the west all enter Germany within a few miles

WHERE THE ELBE FLOWS INTO GERMANY: Looking down on the picturesquely situated town of Tetschen, which lies near the point where Saxony and Bohemia meet. The Elbe valley is essentially a German area of Czechoslovakia, and a stronghold of the Sudeten Party, as witness the results of the municipal elections held last spring. The Sudeten Mountains lie just to the east of the Elbe

BRITAIN'S HUSH, HUSH FIGHTER: One of the new Spitfire machines for which the Air Ministry has just placed a giant order of 1,000 with Lord Nuffield. The type has been developed from the design of the seaplane which won the Schneider trophy outright for this country. Its all-out speed is being kept a secret

"AN OLD GENTLEMAN LIKE MYSELF FROM AN OFFICE STOOL CAN FLY IT" said Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P., the Under-Secretary of State for Air, after testing out one of the new Spitfire fighters at Duxford aerodrome, near Cambridge



On left—
A BIG REMOVAL JOB: Cadets loading aeroplane sections on to a train when Royal Air Force No. 2 School of Technical Training moved recently from Halton, Buckinghamshire, to new quarters at Cosford, Warwickshire. Three special trains were chartered for the purpose

A ROMANCE OF THE AIR: Miss June Spencer Dyke, daughter of Mr. Spencer Dyke, the violinist, with Mr. Max Stoker, autogiro instructor at Hanworth, to whom she is engaged. They will be married in December

Pity the FLYING INSTRUCTOR

Nerves of Steel, an Even Temper, and Decisive Thinking, the Essential Qualifications for His Difficult Task

By NIGEL TANGYE

FLYING instructors are men of a queer and complex breed. Good ones have to be supermen. No wonder, then, that there is a shortage and that the Civil Air Guard scheme will be restricted until this lack is made good.

Apart from the obvious necessity of being a fine pilot, an instructor has to have the ability to impart his knowledge clearly and concisely under difficult conditions. He also has to be something of a psycho-analyst. Each pupil's temperament must be studied and a method of approach devised to suit. In this respect no two pupils are alike. The timid must be patiently encouraged, the confident tactfully restrained.

And this introduces another quality that the flying instructor must possess—tact. It is only the Service instructor who is in a position of superiority over his pupil. The civilian instructor has to maintain the role of master while retaining his position as a club servant. He must temper authority with servility, and this is often very difficult under the trying conditions in which he works. Gone are the days (and rightly gone) when the instructor could free his impatience with a rich flow of invective down the voice tube. If he loses his temper nowadays he does not hold his job.

But how his temper is tried, hour after hour, day after day! At a busy school his day will start at 9.30, when he will give all the machines a short test flight. At ten o'clock his first pupil will be waiting for him. Until lunch-time he will barely have had an opportunity to get out of his cockpit. The average lesson lasts half an hour, because it has been found that a pupil tires after this. But the instructor takes up a constant stream of pupils without a rest. To each he must be cool, encouraging, patient, however exasperating they may be.

This, you may say, is only to be expected. But remember that the instructor is teaching flying, and there is no room for mistakes in flying. A false judgment and a serious accident results.

All through the afternoon until sundown the instructor takes up his pupils. Because of the inevitable repetitive nature of the work, which is always there accompanying any interest he will have in his pupil, there lies danger in that the monotony will cause his attention to wander. There is the paradox of the innumerable circuits of the aerodrome and landings which make for monotony, and the fact that he must be ceaselessly on the *qui vive*, watching for a dangerous move on the part of his pupil and keeping a look-out for other aircraft which might cause a collision.

The most arduous moment in the instructor's life is when his pupil is about to go solo. He must treat the occasion as though it were nothing out of the ordinary for a man to take an aeroplane up into the air for the first time alone, and he must not betray anxiety, for that would make the pupil lose confidence at this most critical moment.

Most pupils give an instructor little anxiety, because they would not be going solo if he were not quite sure that they had reached the required standard of flying. But nervous types can be very trying on these occasions.

When I was instructing at Stag Lane some years ago I remember a great lout of a man who, for all his brawn, was a very nervous type. His ability justified my sending him solo. Nonchalantly, I jumped out of my cockpit, patted him encouragingly on the back and told him to "do a circuit."

There was a pause, and he said, "I can't do it—I'm scared!" I had to make my mind up quickly. If I gave in to him he would never have any confidence. If I made him go and he pulled it off all right (I knew he had enough skill) his fear of flying would be banished for all time. On the other hand, if he crashed, the responsibility was mine and I would not like to have his "I can't do it—I'm scared" running in my ears for the rest of my life.

I said, "Go ahead, you're all right."

He timidly opened up his engine, the machine gathered speed and soon he was in the air. I watched in trepidation. He made his circuit of the aerodrome, shut off his engine to begin his approach. Steadily the machine lost height, swished over the aerodrome boundary and gently flattened out for a perfect landing. He taxied towards me and I went to the cockpit to congratulate him. Already he had forgotten his fear. I did not tell him that a trickle of blood from the lip he had bitten was running down his chin.

But a flying instructor has to make those sorts of decisions every day. His responsibility is a big one, but he has compensations. It is a great thrill to see one of your pupils progress, to come across him in later life flying an airliner, perhaps, or thrilling a crowd with his aerobatics. And it is a great thrill to think that the skill you inherited from your own instructor and passed on to your pupil will be kept alive through succeeding generations of pilots.

AUSTRALIA DECIDES TO DOUBLE THE SIZE OF HER AIR FORCE

A Big Programme of Expansion to Be Based on the Recommendations of the Ellington Report—£43,000,000 For Spending in Three Years

BOMBERS OF THE R.A.A.F.: Avro Anson planes flying low over Laverton aerodrome, Victoria, during a recent air display there, and (inset *on left*) a close-up of the semi-retractable under-carriage which is such a feature of these machines and with which it is possible to make a safe landing even when in the retracted position

AN IMPRESSIVE LINE-UP: Avro Anson bombers at Laverton aerodrome, near Melbourne, during a Royal Australian Air Force display. The Commonwealth's new air defence programme is of quite an extensive nature and calls for double the present number of first-line machines and the expenditure of £43,000,000 over the next three years, the plan of expansion to be based on the report drawn up by Sir Edward Ellington, Inspector-General of the Royal Air Force, who recently completed a tour of investigation in Australia. Sir Edward has recommended, among other things, that there should be an improvement in flying discipline and training methods with a view to lessening the number of crashes which have of late compared unfavourably in proportion with those in Britain. He also criticises the Australian type of American fighter, the NA 33, known as the Wirraway. The Commonwealth has ordered over 100 of these machines. The report urges that the NA 33 should be regarded as a temporary expedient, or as an advanced training aircraft, since its speed is insufficient for a modern fighter

The MARCO POLO of HISTORY

The Film Version of the Life of the Great Venetian Traveller Draws Attention to the Real Man

VENICE—MARCO POLO'S NATIVE CITY: It was in a house looking towards the smaller island in the centre background that the great Venetian traveller first saw the light of day and from which he was to set out on the travels that were to bring him immortality and, incidentally, make him, centuries later, the hero of a Hollywood film epic

HOLLYWOOD'S film version of the adventures of Marco Polo, though making no pretence to accuracy and frankly fictional in many of its sequences, has the merit of being good entertainment and, additionally, arouses interest in the real Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, who at the end of the thirteenth century struck out into the terra incognita of the eastern world, blazing a trail that was not to be fully followed for another five centuries, who found favour at the court of the great Kublai Khan, Emperor of China, and who at length returned to his native Venice, there to be received with incredulity by nearly all who heard his tale. The story was later to be set down when Marco was in prison, either a Genoese or Pisan friend, or possibly both, helping in the compilation of the great work.

The original MS. of Marco Polo's book has been lost, but it has been translated into many languages and among them the translation made in Elizabethan days by John Frampton is one of the most widely read. This was republished recently by A. and C. Black, together with a most illuminating introduction by N. M. Penzer, who reveals much of the deepest interest about the famed traveller in what may well come to be regarded as a classic addendum.

"The existence of an Elizabethan translation of the Travels of Marco Polo" writes Mr. Penzer, "will probably come as a surprise to the majority. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that only three copies of the work in question are known to exist. The very rarity of the book would be of itself sufficient excuse for reprinting it, but in the present case there are other considerations which make its appearance little less than a necessity.

"Of all the Polian problems which still remain unsolved," continues Mr. Penzer, "the most important, and at the same time the most difficult, is that of the itineraries. We may well wonder what the Elizabethan readers made of Frampton's book. They read of places and customs of which they knew nothing, and of which, in many cases, nothing more was known until after 1860!

"The marvel of Polo's achievement lies not only in the fact that he was the man who first drew aside for western eyes the curtain veiling the 'mysterious east,' but that so many of the places visited and localities described remained unvisited again for over 500 years.

"The curtain, pulled aside for a moment to reveal a world as unknown and amazing as it appeared unreal and fantastic, was soon to fall again. The audience had been charmed and amused, but that was all. For the majority it had been but a clever story, one which in later years the admirers of Galland might have enjoyed.

"There were a few, however, to whom the real value of the work was at once manifest. Foremost among these was Christopher Columbus, whose copy (Pipino's Latin version) is copiously annotated and now lies in the Biblioteca Colombia at Seville.

"When Frampton introduced it to England we like to think that the wish expressed in his Dedication—'that it might giue greate lighte to our Seamen, if euer this nation chaunced to find a passage out of the frozen Zone to the South Seas'—was not made in vain, and that Drake, Raleigh and Frobisher eagerly devoured the work of their great predecessor.

"The clouds of scepticism and incredibility took a long time to disperse, but with increasing light of subsequent discoveries the claims of the 'Father of Geography' became accepted and his exaggerations explained. The identification of some of the places mentioned or visited by him still remains uncertain."

* * *

"We cannot always be certain that Polo is describing places on an itinerary at all," continues Mr. Penzer's commentary. Two distinct possibilities at once suggest themselves. At times he may be speaking of places and people visited by the elder Polos alone, which information merely served as a supplement to that dependent on the actual itinerary being followed. On the other hand, he may be quoting from local reports and the gossip of native traders. Thus we are still uncertain whether he personally visited either Karakorum or Bagdad. Unfortunately, Polo does not carry out his promise made in the prologue that he will clearly differentiate between things actually seen, and those only heard about.

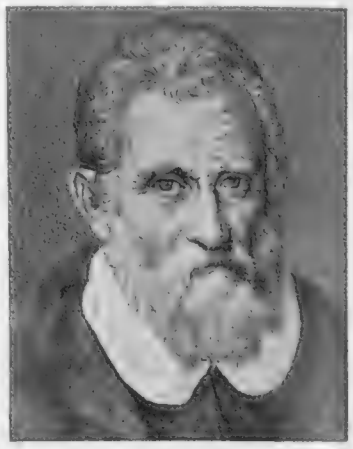
MARCO POLO AND HIS FATHER ARE RECEIVED BY KUBLAI KHAN: Presenting a bible and cross to the Emperor of China on arrival at the court in 1275 after journeying over the Pamir plateau and other regions that were not again to be visited by a European for over 500 years

We must not forget the circumstances under which the book was written. The Polos had arrived back in Venice in 1295, and in 1298 Marco was taken to Genoa as a prisoner of war. Thus over two years had elapsed in which he must have related his travels constantly, and, we imagine, gone through his notes, continually adding and altering as his memory dictated.

After Genoa had become fully acquainted with the oral relation of his travels, as Venice had done previously, we can well appreciate Marco's wish to have his notes with him if his experiences were to be put into writing. Accordingly, these precious notes were sent for. Ramusio tells us about them in his famous preface to Vol. II of *Della Navigationi et Viaggi*. It was considered by some editors that Ramusio had invented this passage himself, but we may well ask how Polo could possibly have remembered such details as are found in his book. In view of this, it is both interesting, and at the same time reassuring, to read the remarks of Sir Aurel Stein on the subject.

"We have seen how accurately it reproduces information about territories difficult of access at all times and far away from his own route. It appears to me quite impossible to believe that such exact data, learned at the very beginning of the great traveller's long wanderings, could have been reproduced by him from memory alone close on thirty years later when dictating his wonderful story to Rusticiano during his captivity at Genoa. Here, anyhow, we have definite proof of the use of those 'notes and memoranda which he had brought with him,' and which, as Ramusio's 'Preface' of 1553 tells us (see Yule, *Marco Polo*, Vol. I, Introduction, p. 6), Messer Marco, while prisoner of war, was believed to have had sent to him by his father from Venice. How grateful must geographer and student feel for these precious materials having reached the prisoner safely!"

In conclusion it is of interest to record the manner in which the writings of Marco Polo were presented to Elizabethan England, the following extract serving as a sample. To modern eyes it makes far from easy reading but, as pointed out earlier on, the story is less mystifying to the reader of 1938 than it was to the reader of the fifteenth century who knew little or nothing of the Oriental world. Chapter 51 of Marco Polo's story begins:—



MARCO POLO from an early print. In the film version of his life story at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, Gary Cooper takes the part of the traveller

"Departing three dayesiourney from this Citie, between the Northest and ŷ North you shall come to a Citie called *Liander*, which CUBLAY CANE buylded. In this Citie is a maruellous goodlye Pallace made of Marble and flint stones, called *pedras viuas*, al gilded wyth gold, and neare to this Pallace, is a wall which is in compasse fiftéene miles, and within this wall be faire riuers, Wels, and gréene Meadowes, where the great CANE hath plentie of all kinde of wilde foule and beastes, for to finde his Hawkes, that bée there in mew.

"Whē he doth ride in these Meadowes, he carrieth behinde him on the buttockes of his horse, a russet or graye Lyon tame, and setteth him to the stagges, or redde Déere, and to other wylde beastes, and vppon these beastes do the Gerfaulcons and Faulcons season. In the middest of these Meadowes is a great house, where the great CANE doth resort to dinner, and to banquet, and to take his reste and pleasure in, when he goeth that waye. And this house is compassed about with greate Canes, that be gilded and couered with Canes that be varnished, and closed all in one, in such sort, that no water can passe through it. Euerye Cane is at the least thrée spannes compasse, and from tenne to fiftéen paces long. And this house is so made, that at al times they maye take it downe and set it vp againe, vpon a sodayne.

"It is tyed with aboue .200. cordes of silke, after the manner of tentes, or pauilions. And the greate CANE repayreth thither for his pleasure, in Iune, Iuly, and August, and there by commaundment of his Prophets, Idolaters maketh sacrifice."

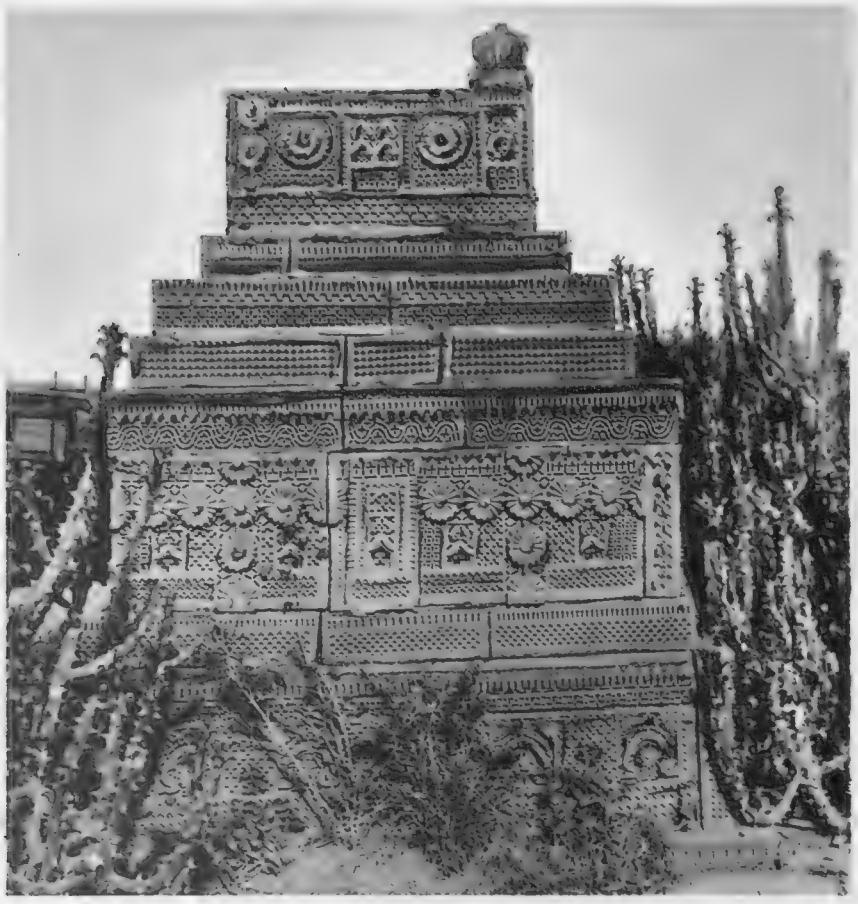
STRANGE HOMECOMING: Marco and his father, Nicolo, arriving at the Casa Polo, Venice, after their 25 years sojourn in the East. They were not recognised by their relatives, and Marco's stories of the wonders he had seen were at first wholly disbelieved, even his great display of wealth failing to counteract popular incredulity

A CITY DRAPED IN MORNING MIST: This remarkable aerial view, taken above Norwich, shows the valley on a typical September morning, with the towering bulk of a power station piercing nature's blanket. Away in the distance, where the land is bright, rises clear the graceful spire of Holy Trinity Cathedral

SEPTEMBER DAYS

In Town and Country

On right:—
A ROUND-UP IN ENGLAND'S WILD WEST: A herd of ponies being driven across Dartmoor before being sorted and graded in readiness for Princetown's annual fair. Some of the wilder ones appeared in a Yelverton Rodeo last week-end when amateur cowboys tried breaking them in. The ponies had the best of it



IMPORTANT FINDS IN BALUCHISTAN: This tomb, with its stepped construction and sculptured lotuses, is one of fifty of a very remarkable type, seen nowhere else in India, which were recently discovered near the Gandh Ko Mountain, 27 miles from Karachi

LIGHT ON INDIA'S BURIED PAST

Tombs Discovered Near Karachi

AN unexplored site, containing more than fifty tombs of a very remarkable type, was recently discovered by Mr. C. R. Roy, Curator, Victoria Museum, Karachi, in Las Bela State, Baluchistan. The spot is situated between the Gandh Ko Mountain and the village of Bhawani, about 27 miles from Karachi, with the tombs lying in waste land and surrounded by dense cactus.

These tombs are of a kind not found anywhere else in India. They are formed in steps or tiers, from five to nine in number. They are made of slabs of carved stone placed horizontally on the ground with around them other beautifully carved slabs placed vertically, forming box-like chambers.

Geometrical designs carved in the slabs stand out in bold relief. Common to the decorative schemes of most of the tombs are the lotus and half-lotus which are the characteristic designs of the Hindus, but despite this the tombs are of Muhammadan origin. From the workmanship and design of various remains of ancient tombs in Sind, Mr. Roy has come to the conclusion that these tombs were probably built during the period of the Samma Dynasty of Sind, dating back to between the 15th and 17th centuries of the Christian era.

During this period there lived in some part of Sind and Baluchistan three powerful Muhammadan tribes other than the Sammas—the Karmatis, the Jokias and the Numrias. It is very probable that these tombs belong to the Numrias.

A marked Hindu influence in the workmanship is probably due to the Hindu origin of the Numria tribe. The Numrias, as well as Jokias and Sammas, were originally Rajput Hindus who were later converted to Muhammadanism.

The step-like construction of these tombs was probably due to the influence of the Karmatis who came from Persia and who intermarried with the Numrias.

THE STEPPED CONSTRUCTION of the tombs recently found near Karachi is very evident in this example

On right—PILLARETTES TOPPED BY VASE-LIKE CAPITALS are an unusual feature of this tomb

THE STAR TURN: A cow of the local humped variety jumping over a bedstead at a cattle fair on the North-West Frontier. A demonstration of unexpected agility

RIFLES INTO PLOUGHSHARES

On India's North-West Frontier

ONE of the most striking signs of the growing peacefulness of the North-West Frontier Province is the increasing interest that is being taken by the people in agricultural shows and cattle fairs.

These are held as a matter of course in each of the settled districts, and attract in their thousands not only people from all the neighbouring villages, but also tribesmen from across the border, who, laying aside their rifles, are as pleased as anyone to enjoy the fun of the fair.

Recently an equally successful cattle show and fair has been started in the Malakand Agency, the northernmost corner of our Indian Empire, which, stretching away to the Hindu Kush, includes the trans-frontier states of Dir, Swat and Chitral. Happily now at peace, it was previously the scene of much fierce fighting.

The fair is held on the polo ground at Khar, about 1,000 ft. below the Malakand fort, the scene of one of the battles of the 1897 campaign. It is a picturesque spot, with hills all round, and the show itself has quite a gay appearance, for every tribe has its own little camp, each with its gaily coloured tribal flag fluttering in the breeze in front of it. The fair lasts two days, and during this time old enmities are forgotten in the friendly rivalry of competing cattle and various trials of skill, such as tentpegging and wrestling and even swimming. During this time, at any rate, all are friends and all can join in the laughter that follows the witticisms of the jester from Swat or in the applause that greets the appearance of the local dancing girls, free from the fear of being shot by a hidden enemy.

A HAWKER with one of his prize birds at a cattle fair on the North-West Frontier where slowly but surely the people are being weaned to settled life from their warlike pursuits

Below—LOCUM TENENS: Lord Brabourne, acting Viceroy of India during Lord Linlithgow's holiday in England, inspecting an ancient suit of Rajput chain armour in the palace at Bundi during a recent tour of the Rajput States. The Maharo Raja of Bundi (wearing glasses) is seen with His Excellency

THE CRYPT OF LACOCK ABBEY, the old religious foundation near Chippenham, Wiltshire, which may shortly be acquired by the National Trust, negotiations being at present in progress. It was in this crypt that W. H. Fox Talbot (1800–1877), the pioneer inventor of so many photographic processes and discoverer of the negative as we now know it, carried out so many of his experiments

LACOCK ABBEY and the NATIONAL TRUST

Discoveries at Clarendon Palace, Royal Residence in Late Plantagenet Times

The news that beautiful Lacock Abbey is on the verge of being acquired by the National Trust is cause for deep satisfaction, and if the proceedings now in hand bear fruit, a rare architectural treasure will become the nation's property. Lacock was founded in 1232 as an Augustinian nunnery by the Lady Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and at the Dissolution the place was bought from Henry VIII by Sir William Sharrington, one of the most corrupt and greedy courtiers in a venal age. England owes him a special grudge, for much of his ill-gotten wealth was made by the deliberate coinage of base money during a period of general poverty.

Sharrington paid £783 for Lacock and, after demolishing the church, began to remodel the domestic buildings as a manor-house. It must be said for him that he showed good taste, for the Tudor work is skilfully engrafted upon the early English architecture of the monastery, and its lovely English cloister was preserved. Sharrington certainly cared for whatever he chose to spare of the abbey, and the Talbots, who succeeded the Sharringtons, have been even more careful of their heritage.

Lacock has an interesting association with photographic pioneering, for it was there in 1800 that William Henry Fox Talbot was born, and it was in the crypt that he carried out his researches which were actually prior to those of Daguerre, but not published until later. In addition to his inventions Talbot was an archæologist of note. His granddaughter is the present owner of Lacock.

RELICS OF THE PLANTAGENETS: Dr. Tancred Borenius engaged in pointing an inscription on a section of the old walls of Clarendon Palace, near Salisbury, where he has now been at work for six seasons and is succeeding in building up an almost complete picture of how the place must have looked in the days when it was one of England's Royal residences

Clarendon Palace, once famous as the site of the signing of the Constitution of Clarendon and as a favourite Royal residence in late Plantagenet times, began to decay in the reign of Henry VIII, and, thereafter, trees steadily encroached until it was largely overgrown. Now all that is being changed, and for the past six seasons, Dr. Tancred Borenius, Professor of the History of Art at London University, and Mr. John Charlton, of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, have been busily engaged among the ruins, making many finds which are helping them piece together bit by bit a true picture of the original aspect of Clarendon. One of the most valuable discoveries is that of the kitchens built for Henry VI.

THIS WELL PRESERVED TILE PAVEMENT represents one of the major finds on the site of Clarendon Palace and is believed to have formed the floor of the Queen's apartments. The tiles were made in a kiln near the palace, and some of them reach a high artistic standard. A favourite pattern is the white dragon

BEHIND THE SCENES AT WOOLWICH:

Special "Sphere" Pictures Taken in the Royal Arsenal

A BIG GUN FOR BRITAIN'S BIGGER NAVY: Men engaged in adjusting the breech of a "fifteen-incher," a piece of ordnance true, it is claimed, to one-thousandth of an inch, inside and out, throughout its 20-yard length. A picture taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis during a recent visit, by special permission, to the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, behind the scenes of which the camera man is very rarely allowed to penetrate. It was during the great war that 15-in. guns were first mounted as the main armament in our capital ships, and in the actions fought subsequently they again and again proved their superiority, doing heavy damage at long range

On left— READY FOR DISPATCH: Heavy naval guns in the yards at the Royal Arsenal where ordnance has been manufactured since the start of the eighteenth century when the Government decided, as a result of an explosion at the Moorfields Foundry, to erect its own plant. A veil of secrecy has always surrounded Woolwich — the birthplace of many a new type weapon that has played its part in changing the course of history

On right— "HANDLING" A NAVAL GIANT: A 16-inch gun being lowered to the floor of the shop after being put through the delicate tempering process. The tempering branch of the Arsenal is equipped with exceedingly powerful lifting tackle and some of its pits are 100 ft. deep

BAROQUE SWAN-SONG:

By R. H. Wilenski

ST. SCHOLASTICA: This stucco figure from an altar in the Benedictine Church of Zwiefalten, near Ulm, is the work of Johann Michael Feichtmayr and is one of the many examples of eighteenth-century Baroque photographed by Anthony Ayscough and included in Sacheverell Sitwell's illuminating new book, *German Baroque Sculpture*

"The eighteenth century in Austria and Bavaria must have been revealed to many persons in recent years almost in the nature of a personal discovery of their own," writes Sacheverell Sitwell in his new book, German Baroque Sculpture *(Duckworth. 21s.), and he goes on to explain that this has been so because of the up to now limited literature in the English language which touches upon the subject in any way adequately. Mr. Sitwell has filled a gap and, as a result, it is to be expected there will be quite a revival of interest in this style which "is the contemporary and equivalent of Haydn and of Mozart," echoing in sculpture what they created in the realm of music. The following is an analysis of the book, and reproduced herewith are some of the forty-eight excellent photographs, by Anthony Ayscough, which serve to illustrate the text*

THE ART OF EGID QUIRIN ASAM: His figure of St. Florian typifies the work of this master sculptor whose name, together with that of his brother, is so indelibly associated with the development of the Baroque style

AS heroes for his new book, *German Baroque Sculpture*, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has taken the Asam brothers —Cosmas Damian and Egid Quirin—who were active in South Germany as Baroque-Rococo architects, sculptors, stucco-workers, and decorators in the first half of the eighteenth century. Sons of a Bavarian fresco painter, the brothers studied in Rome for a number of years, and when they returned to Bavaria they were able in collaboration to undertake the entire building and decorating of a church, for both had been trained as architects, and Cosmas Damian had also specialised in fresco painting and Egid Quirin in the designing of flamboyant theatrical altar-pieces with coloured stucco-plaster figures suspended high above the altar in mid-air.

Mr. Sitwell's book is itself the result of a collaboration. For he himself has toured South Germany and Austria as an amateur enthusiast for Baroque and Rococo formulae and recorded his discoveries in the best-written essay he has yet produced; while Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner adds erudite notes, and Mr. Anthony Ayscough provides forty-eight photographs of ecclesiastical and decorative sculpture by the Asams, and of garden statues, figures, and so forth by other sculptors. Of the high altarpiece in the Collegiate Church of the Augustinian Canons at Rohr (near Regensburg) which the Asams built and decorated from 1718 to 1722, Dr. Pevsner writes: "The whole of the altarpiece is raised high above tabernacle and choir stalls, so that the impression is exactly that of a *tableau-vivant* on a stage with an orchestra beneath. Obviously such sculptors owed everything to the theatrical producer, be it of ephemeral pageants, or of the type of theatre which the Jesuits had made popular." But this sculpture, I fancy, really owes still more to the art of Rubens and the whole Baroque tradition, of which we must regard it as a belated swan-song.

THE RIVER GOD: This lead figure, from the Neuer Markt fountain, Vienna, is now in the Baroque Museum in that city. It is by Georg Raphael Dormer (1693-1741), who was one of the early pioneers of the movement known as Neo-Classicism

For the fact is that the Baroque style was already 200 years old when the brothers Asam returned to Bavaria and rebuilt the Benedictine Abbey of Weltenburg (their first undertaking) in 1714 to 1725. The contorted attitudes devised by Michelangelo for the figures on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel date from 1510 to 1512; Parmigiano, who died in 1540, and Jean de Douai (Giambologna), who died in 1608, had long since discovered the charm of the elongated figure; the breeze which had so fluttered the raiment of Botticelli's Graces (c. 1475) and of Jean Goujon's Nymphs (1549) had long been a whirlwind tossing countless figures and endless draperies hither and thither in paintings by Tintoretto, who died in 1594, El Greco, who died in 1614, Rubens, who died in 1640, and Le Brua — the art dictator of Versailles—who died in 1690; and we must also remember that Bernini, whom the admirers of Baroque sculpture proclaim as the chief master, was also dead by 1680. Dr. Pevsner does his best to convince us that the Southern Germans contributed something indigenous to this Baroque tradition and also to the Rococo and Neo-Classical styles created by the French in the eighteenth century. Mr. Sitwell supports this thesis with his eloquence and many a German *Künstforscher* will envy him his power to carry his reader with him as in the passage on the interior at Weltenburg: "The body of the church is a truly astonishing sight. At the far end of it, glittering in a sort of grotto or cavern, is the equestrian statue of St. George. But the vessel itself, with its magnificent side altars, lifts the eyes above the cornice, past the veritable pictures in carved and gilded panels of stucco, to the immense golden crown that projects from the dome into the church and fills all the circle of the dome. Above this is the painted paradise of Cosmas Damian, a pillared and cloud-filled hall, peopled with angelic figures. Clouds, like the mists of the mountain heights, have drifted through the pillars and veiled the figures . . . The more than life-size figure of St. George, a knight in golden armour on a silver stallion, advances into the light. He wears a high-plumed helmet like the

MINERVA: Ferdinand Dietz, who was born in Bohemia at the start of the eighteenth century, produced this sculpture for the garden at Veitshochheim, the small country seat of the Bishops of Wurzburg. Dietz often gives the rather curious impression that he is poking fun at whatever he represents, and Minerva, with her coarse round face, her rocky garments, and wild crest is, indeed, no exception

A New Work by Sacheverell Sitwell Draws Attention to the Sculptor's Art as Practised in Germany and Austria in the 17th and 18th Centuries: A Style that Echoed the Compositions of Haydn and Mozart

A BENEDICTINE SAINT: Another example of the Baroque from the new Sitwell-Pevsner book on the subject. The figure adorns the side altar in the Collegiate Church of Mondsee, Upper Austria, and is by Meinrad Guglnbichler (1649–1723), a member of a prominent school of wood-carvers in the diocese of Salzburg

horsemen in the court masquerades of Le Roi Soleil, and with a courtly gesture of his right hand, he deals the death blow to the dragon . . ." Mr. Ayscough, moreover (though his photographs are not all as sharply focused as they might be), has been at pains to choose advantageous details. But, nevertheless, the derivative characters of the German productions would seem to be their outstanding features.

The most original artists would seem to have been the Italian Bustelli (1723–1763), who modelled figures for the porcelain factory at Nymphenburg, and the Bohemian Ferdinand Dietz (1707–1777), who made garden statues for the gardens of the Bishops of Würzburg; and the most attractive figures portrayed are the Angel from the Church of the Knights of the Cross in Prague, which is palpably derived from contemporary French work, and the figures by the Italian D. F. Carlone (1674–1750) in the Ludwigsburg Palace near Stuttgart (one of which has been selected by the authors for the wrapper).

It may be that Balthasar Permoser (1651–1732) brought something personal in the *Apotheosis of Prince Eugene of Savoy* where the Prince is shown as

(Continued on page 432)

MAIN GATEWAY OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. FLORIAN, AUSTRIA: It was designed originally by Prandtauer and altered by Blanco

"ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN" by Egid Quirin Asam, who contributed largely to Bavaria's wealth of Baroque art. It adorns the high altar of the Collegiate Church of the Augustinian Canons at Rohr, near Regensburg

WHERE GERMAN BAROQUE MAY BE SEEN IN LONDON

Some Rare Examples in the Chapel of St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street

BY an odd turn of fortune, there happens to exist in London a complete example of a certain phase of German Baroque art. It takes the form of an elaborately carved little chapel interior near Regent's Park. It is known to very few and certainly the very ordinary exterior of the Hospital of St. Saviour, Osnaburgh Street, would give no indication that such a wealth of most elaborately carved woodwork lay within.

This woodwork once formed part of the Carthusian Monastery of Buxheim, a Bavarian town in the neighbourhood of Lake Constance. At the dissolution of the house the furnishings, which have since come to London, were sold and passed into Holland. Thence by gift they eventually reached the chapel of the Anglican sisterhood of St. Saviour, Osnaburgh Street.

DELIVERER OF ISRAEL: This figure of Aaron is one of the many carvings in the exuberant manner of the German Baroque style to be seen in the Chapel of St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street. The work was at one time in the possession of the Carthusians at Buxheim, Bavaria

To reach this extraordinary chapel one must penetrate certain outer courts of the quiet religious house of St. Saviour. A sweet-voiced guide swings open a richly-carved door, and the wonder of a German Baroque chapel in the full profusion of its sculpture bursts upon one.

The woodwork is all very dark, and detail is difficult to distinguish until the eye gets used to the lighting of the chapel. Then one distinguishes richly-decorated reading-desks in the immediate foreground. High panelled stalls are behind one and to left and right, and in front the equally richly-carved altar screen.

Figures of patriarchs and saints appear on every hand. They are in three different sizes. The smallest occupy the niches of the choir stall recesses; the next in size are ranged above the stalls and owing to the nature of the lighting are not easy to study, which is tantalising, for they are evidently full of engaging detail.

The largest figures form a group by themselves to the left of the screen as one

A SUPPORTING FIGURE on one of the choir stalls in St. Saviour's chapel

A RICH FLAMBOYANCE characterises the Baroque carving of the choir stalls in St. Saviour's. They were brought to England towards the close of the last century, having been disposed of by the German landowner who had himself acquired them when the Carthusian monks of Buxheim scattered

faces the altar. These are vigorously carved, almost life-size figures from the early books of the Old Testament. King David with his harp, Abiathar with the shewbread, and Aaron wearing a studded ephod stand out conspicuously. All are vigorously carved by a confident hand. The texture and general character of the work can be studied from the illustrations given here, which have been specially taken for THE SPHERE.

The whole scheme of the chapel is set within an architectural framework which carries a wealth of decoration but nowhere

(Continued on next page)

GERMAN BAROQUE ART IN LONDON: More Examples of 17th-Century Work from St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street

(Continued from previous page)

does the soaring fancy of the later Baroque burst through the bounds of historic form. The figures all form a decorous accompaniment to the architectural setting.

The chapel should certainly be seen by those interested in Baroque art—and it is evident that there is a revival of interest—for through it the student may hope to learn much of Bavaria's historic background.

Baroque belongs essentially to the realm of the dramatic, and although its appeal has hitherto been limited, modern criticism is tending to prove that it is far from deserving the opprobrium that has been conventionally heaped upon it. One dictionary, indeed, goes as far as to say that the word baroque denotes "any work of art regarded as being extravagant or in bad taste."

RICH IMAGERY: An example of one of the larger standing figures, and (*on right*) a figure "clothed with wings" at St. Saviour's

ABIATHAR WITH THE SHEWBREAD, AND DAVID WITH HIS HARP: Two of the many remarkable figures in the choir stalls at St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street, the north London chapel which possesses some highly typical examples of German Baroque art. The stalls originally came from the Carthusian Monastery at Buxheim, Bavaria

WOODWORK WITH A HISTORY: (*Above and on left*)—Two more examples of Baroque sculpture at St. Saviour's. The carving, which took some fifty years to complete, is attributed to Heinrich Dietmar, and is certainly the work of a more than ordinarily skilled hand. Its existence has been known to only a few people, the majority of London guide books ignoring it completely

Two pictures showing members of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards wearing their new helmets during manœuvres near Winchester. These are of the regulation shape, but they are encased in wire so that ferns, cornstalks, and other natural camouflage may be securely fastened to them. The issue of these helmets is entirely experimental at the moment, and it remains for the War Department to decide whether to make them available to other units

MILLINERY FOR THE GUARDS

The Story of A.R.P.—III: By Inglis Sheldon-Williams

NO HERDING IN TIME OF EMERGENCY

An Essential Factor If Lives Are To Be Saved

THE fortification of a great city against raiders was once organised by a butler in his off-time.

And he appointed a lot of other civilians who "put their necks to the work of the wall" by sectors; as it were, wardens, "and set up the doors thereof and the locks thereof." (? air-locks).

Are not their names written in the Book of Nehemiah?

But at first, Sanballat of the army of Samaria and other lewd persons made fun of the thing; and they said a fox, not to mention a Fokker, would break down their wall if he leant against it.

For many of the citizens were full of years, and in the eyes of the Services they were as it were Gorgeous Wrecks; which is the Groggy Recruits, or G.R.s, of aforetime.

Nevertheless, they carried on; "for the people had a mind to work."

And they worked in shifts; one lot doing the navvy work, and the other lot "held the spears, the bows, and the habergeons," till you could not see where one group of defenders began and the other ended, because kudos, which is caste, which is the pride of the Senior Services, got spread all over the lot.

And none put off their clothes, "saving that everyone put them off for washing"; because they had Decontamination Centres.

And Nehemiah made a Civilian Register of the people; forty two thousand three hundred and three score persons "beside two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women" who looked after the propaganda; and a Register of all the civil beasts; "of the camels, of the mules, of the horses, and of the asses," as it were the motor transport.

And the people brought "the first fruits of their dough" for the treasury; a grievous lump, even five shekels of every twenty shekels. Every man according to his dough.

And they called it Neville's Bread.

So the wall was finished. And when their enemies heard thereof "they were much cast down in their own eyes," and they sent Diplomatic Notes to Nehemiah. But he would not.

And the land had rest.

And this thing is a parable unto all the people; unto their children, and unto their children's children. . . .

* * *

Self-contained civilian defensive units are beginning to be roughed into shape by the A.R.P. Department. Each is a link in a chain that runs unbroken all the way down from the Home Office through the local authorities, the public services, factories and big industries, to the little firms and shops, and finally to the individual householder. Much is yet tentative, but it seems to become more and more apparent that the R.A.F. and A.R.P. will become more and more inseparable as the co-ordination between active and passive defence grows closer. We shall find a good example of this when we turn to the system of warnings and communications. No longer shall we civilians scuttle for shelter, like chickens in a thunder shower, if the "maroon lights" go up again, but each man and woman will stand to his or her allotted post in the comprehensive scheme of mutual service, whether that post be the home, or chosen place in volunteer work. To achieve this ideal it would seem that in the days of peace each should acquire at least a smattering of what would be necessary for the safeguarding of the household, an instructed devotion to which would relieve the strain on the public services.

Mitigation, not exemption, is probably the best that can be hoped for. And the keynote is dispersal.

There must be no more herding for air-raid defence than is absolutely unavoidable. Neither herding of the public, nor—pace the Air Ministry and Berkeley-square—of officialism.

Correct me if I'm wrong.

Dispersal, then, by selective evacuation is to relieve congested centres of population in emergency.

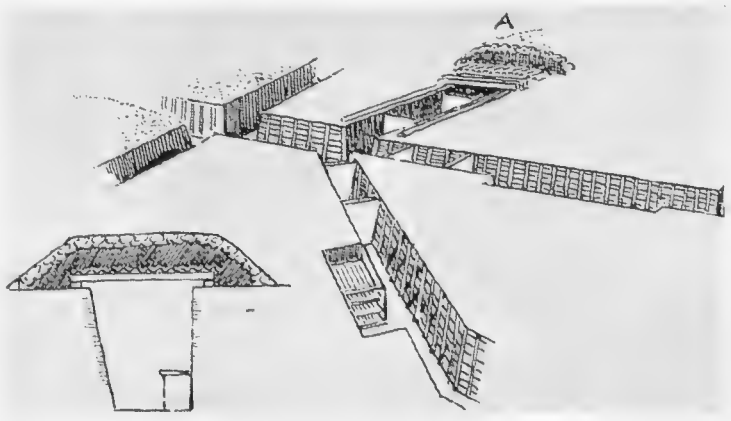
Follows the sub-dispersal of those that remain. Each group—the big concerns and so forth—marshalling within the shelter of its pre-determined defences the irreducible minimum or skeleton framework of keymen and personnel indispensable for carrying on the business indispensable to the country's well-being and each with its trained A.R.P. staff co-operating with that of the local authorities. Dispersal again, to the limit of possibility, of individuals to the pre-arranged approximate security of their own homes. Dispersal even of the occupants of those homes. An inevitable breaking up of families.

And dispersal among public shelters of that large floating population of the streets, assumed to be caught unawares. For—that the phantom of a Black Hole of Calcutta may be banished—it would seem that these public shelters, unlike the private ones, should be small and many rather than large and few. A crammed mile-long section of tube railway cut off by bulkheads from sections running close below the surface and one of those bulkheads blown in by high explosive, with mustard gas riding on the blast—or its transformation into a gas or water main by the bursting of pipes near by—is not a pleasant picture. Even granted immunity from these, the panic of claustrophobia is catching in a dense crowd. The death-roll due to the fight to get outside the theatre at the cry of "Fire!" can exceed that fire's victims.

Dispersal, or decentralisation, of authority is not the suggestion. I should be stoned in the market-place if I dared to breathe how far I would have it the reverse; but distribution, duplication, of executive. The alternative personnel; the alternative equipment; the spare parts; food stores. All these in "open order" to the limit of what is practicable. There was a case the other day of a firm about to construct a new power house. With an eye to A.R.P., it decided on a separate duplicate system, so that if one was put out of commission the other could carry on. Once I stood in the conning tower of H.M.S. *Sussex*. I asked the officer who was showing me round if that nerve centre would not be the target of every enemy gun within range, and what would happen if the captain was put out of the fight. He said "There are nineteen other persons on the ship's roster, each trained to step in succession into the place of his superior officer and carry on."

In all cases—and not excepting that of the private person which we shall come to later—the outstanding question is that of finance, and the problem now being worked out is the proportion the State should pay of the costs of A.R.P. schemes adopted by utility concerns. On June 24, for example, the Metropolitan Water Board voted £395,975 for air-raid precautions on condition that the Government grant is not less than 50 per cent. of approved expenditure, the amount ranking for grant, after negotiations with the Home Secretary, being fixed at 84 per cent. of the total cost. Boroughs are granted 60 per cent.

A weighing of the commercial aims of industries in general with their respective value to the community will, it may be presumed, similarly determine the measure of their claims to State aid and the conditions attached; a sliding scale which, in one form or another, should in fairness bring relief to the humblest householder whose prudent precaution makes in its kind the same contribution to the common security as the auxiliary fireman's who receives his £1 bonus from the L.C.C. Speaking as a warden, and lazy at that, I hesitate to suggest that it should be one of his duties to assess the cost of air-raid precautions in private homes and turn in to his borough the claims for grants based on the approved percentage rate, and that his borough, if it liked, should debit the A.R.P. Department with the total. All the really tiresome work being voluntary, the tax on the time of paid officials would be trifling.



PLANS FOR A TRENCH SHELTER SYSTEM, as proposed by the A.R.P. authorities for building near factory premises, are shown in the above diagram. The trenches are cut in zig-zag fashion to localise the effects of an explosion. A cross-section of a covered-in portion is seen on left

The accompanying sketch plan based on figures shown in A.R.P. Handbook No. 6, *Air Raid Precautions in Factories and Business Premises* (Adastral House. 6d.) gives a general idea of trench shelter systems recommended. The handbook gives full detailed description.

While reinforced concrete is approved for overhead burster layers, steel arches with longitudinal struts adapted from the arched roadways used in mines are recommended for deep underground galleries owing to their superior tensile strength.

Railway arches with their strength would seem specially to commend themselves as adaptable to war-time food-distributing depots. Though a connected chain they are insulated one from the other. A lucky H.E. direct hit on the railway line would probably destroy two at most.

THE RISING TIDE of PUBLIC SPENDING

Are the Government and the Local Authorities Being too Lavish?

Asks

J. BAKER WHITE

THE NEW MUNICIPAL OFFICES AT GREENWICH: Many ratepayers in the locality aver that the scheme is over-costly and that a less grandiose building would serve the purpose

IN a few weeks from now we shall be half-way through the current financial year, the year that will go down in economic history as that of the £1,000 million Defence Budget, with the British people carrying a greater burden of debt and of direct and indirect taxation than ever before. It is, perhaps, therefore an appropriate moment to make a review of the nation's financial position, and of the general policy of spending by the State and local authorities.

The position is not one to inspire confidence, especially when the future reactions of present policy are considered, and the total of national and local government debt is regarded not as something to be decently ignored and forgotten but in its proper light as a burden that is the heritage of generations as yet unborn. The burden to-day works out at £205 a head, and there is every likelihood of future increases.

The revenue returns for the period April 1 to August 7, the latest period for which official figures are available, are not encouraging. In that period ordinary revenue amounted to £213,000,000, a decrease of over £2,000,000 as compared with the same period of last year, while expenditure amounted to £365,000,000, an increase of £41,000,000.

In other words, while the deficit in the national accounts stood this time last year at £85,878,000, after allowing for self-balancing expenditure and sinking fund allocations, to-day it is close on £128,000,000. This does not necessarily mean that the Budget will not balance, as the Chancellor has predicted, by the end of the financial year, but a fall of £2,000,000 in ordinary revenue and a rise in expenditure of £41,000,000 in a period of under five months is disturbing.

There is a growing feeling that the spending departments are not exercising all the economies they should or taking all possible care to guard against waste of the taxpayers' money. Such a feeling is increased after reading the recently issued report of the "Committee of Public Accounts," the body set up by Parliament to study and comment on the financial operations of the various State departments. The Auditor-General has been described as the watchdog of the taxpayers, and this committee fulfils efficiently much the same role.

In its report is given the story of the purchase of the liner *Majestic* and her conversion into the training-ship *Caledonia*, to be stationed at Rosyth. It has already been dealt with in detail in the daily press, so it will suffice to say that whereas the original purchase price was £140,000 and the original estimate of the cost of conversion, as submitted to the Treasury by the Admiralty, was £150,000, making a total of £290,000, the cost of conversion rose to over £472,000, raising the total bill for the taxpayer to over £612,000.

A RATEPAYER AND HIS CROSS: This is how one wit has chosen to describe the symbolic figure of progress adorning Lambeth's big, new Town Hall

In the same way the cost of purchasing and converting a trawler into the depot ship *Vulcan* rose from an estimate of £26,000 to an actual cost of over £50,000. It is disturbing to read that a Paymaster-Commander R.N. misappropriated public moneys to the amount of £5,500, because—to quote from the committee's report—"checks of cash balances devised to secure the early discovery of fraud had failed in their object because they were treated more or less as a formality by the officers who carried out the duty over a period of two years."

From the War Office comes a story of the sale of Army mares, become supernumerary to requirement through the mechanisation of the cavalry. Instead of being sold in the proper way by public auction many were sold privately for hunting at an average price of 70s. each.

A minimum sale price of £10 per mare has now been fixed, and this figure is an indication that what may have been profitable to the fox-hunting community has been very unprofitable to the taxpayer. The tale of the Board of Trade inquiry into the Anglo-Argentine meat trade is an unhappy one as well. To collect evidence for the inquiry an accountant was hired at a salary of £500 per month, plus £2 a night subsistence allowance.

Sent out to the Argentine he decided to remain there, and the committee's report remarks that "payment was made monthly and the final instalment was issued to him before the completion of his investigation and report, which proved to be unsatisfactory when received." This venture cost the British taxpayer £16,000, and as the writer of the report was not available for consultation "it was found necessary to employ another accountant to check his work"!

On this case the Committee of Public Accounts "regret to learn that arrangements can be made for such a substantial expenditure without ensuring that commensurate value will be received." A harassed, overburdened taxpayer might well use much stronger terms and ask what would have happened in any of the cases mentioned above if a private firm and not a State department had been involved. It is pretty safe to assume that the indignant shareholders would have demanded immediate and sweeping changes on the board and in the management.

To return to the case of *Vulcan*, the contract for her conversion was placed without obtaining a competitive estimate. In the same way the Mint is shown to have bought a new coining press without the price being fixed, although the suppliers agreed to charge on the basis of actual cost and allow the Mint officials to inspect their books. This right was waived, which the Committee of Public Accounts very properly describes as being "wrong in principle." The taxpayer, especially if he is engaged in competitive business, may be surprised to know that in the financial year 1937–38 the Post Office placed contracts totalling £11,869,000 for supplies under what are called Bulk Supply Agreements.

As to how they work, one cannot do better than quote from the report of the Public Accounts Committee: "On several occasions in recent years the attention of the Public Accounts Committee has been drawn to Bulk Supply Agreements concluded by the Post Office for the supply of telephone equipment, apparatus, and stores. The several contracts, which are of considerable amount and in force for a period of years, were negotiated in circumstances which ruled out

(*Continued on page 428*)

MODERNITY IN BOW ROAD: Poplar's new Town Hall is a distinct breakaway from the civic architecture we have for so long known

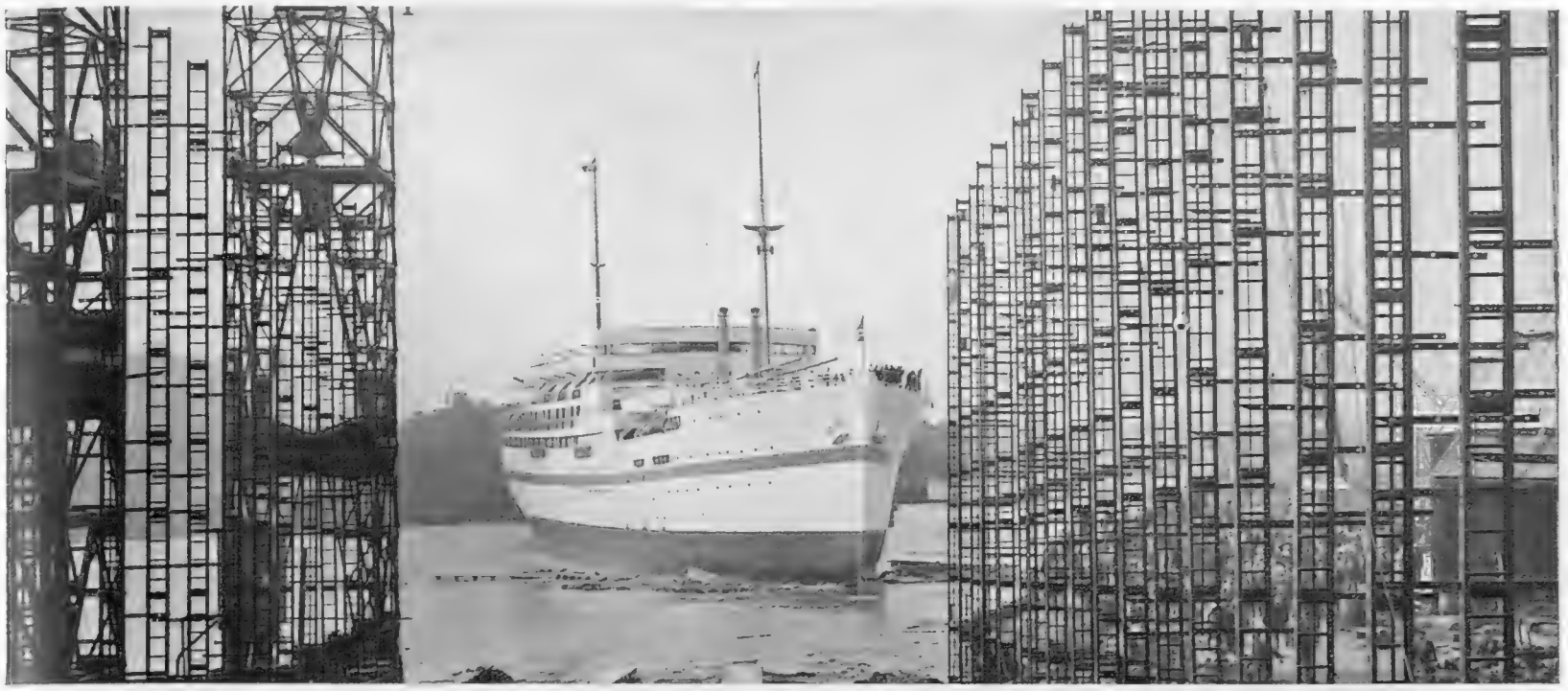
Expenditure that Might Have Been Postponed

Following are some examples of expenditure passed by various Councils since August 1937. No hospitals or urgently needed housing schemes are included in the list; and it is suggested that some at least of this expenditure might well have been postponed until times were better and the strain on our finances less severe.

Town.	*Nature of Expenditure.*	*Cost.*	*Rates per Head of Population (where known).*
		£	£ s. d.
Bury	Town Hall	150,000	3 5 9
Sheffield	New College of Arts and Crafts	500,000	4 19 2
Watford	New Technical College	139,000	4 12 5
Brighton	New Police Headquarters	125,000	6 0 3
Norwich	Council Offices	50,000	5 1 11
Worcester	Police Headquarters	99,000	3 17 5
Bristol	Town Hall	453,000	4 6 10
West Bromwich	Municipal Buildings	145,000	3 3 3
Glasgow	New Public Baths	100,000	
	Addition to Public Assistance Buildings, between	60,000 and 70,000	
	Alterations and Reconstruction to High School	120,000	
	Community Centre for the Corporation	120,000	
Edinburgh	School in Ferry Road	50,000	
	Addition to Town Council Offices	14,000	
	Branch Library	30,000	
Lanarkshire	Schools and other Buildings	247,000	
Kirkcaldy	Municipal Buildings	90,000	
Bingley	Technical College	82,000	
Belfast	City Offices	80,000	
Croydon	Borough Electricity Offices	100,000	4 18 11
	Technical College	250,000	
Dorchester	County Offices	149,000	
Mold	County Offices	120,000	
Nottingham	Police Headquarters	153,000	4 16 4
Birmingham	Technical College	560,000	4 17 6
Rochdale	Municipal Offices	96,000	3 11 9
Cardiff	Public Hall, Car Park, and Underground Shelters	400,000	4 17 10
Chester	County Offices	145,000	4 18 4
Northampton	Police Headquarters and Session Courts	72,950	4 3 9
Gloucester	Technical College	79,000	3 8 3
Portsmouth	Lumps Fort Pleasure Centre (first part of development)	98,000	4 1 2

WHY THE GOVERNMENT DOES NOT BUILD ITS OWN TROOPSHIPS

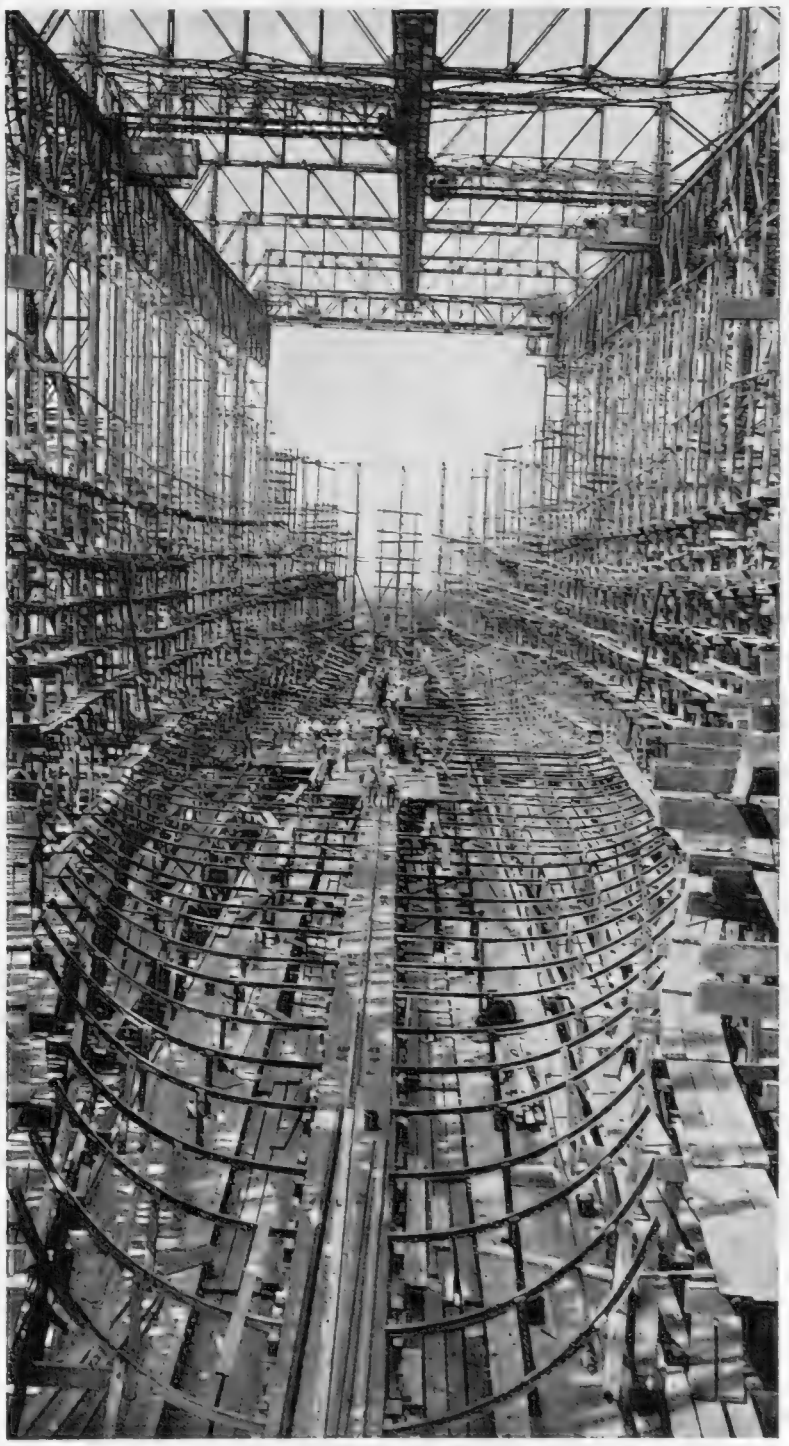
And Other Subjects of Maritime Interest—"City of Edinburgh's" Maiden Voyage—America's Successor to "Leviathan"



A NEW TROOPSHIP TAKES THE WATER: The 11,000-ton motor vessel *Ettrick* pictured on the Clyde after being launched from Messrs. Barclay, Curle's shipbuilding yard at Whiteinch. She has been designed in collaboration with H.M. Sea Transport Department for the conveyance of troops, and, during fitting out, accommodation is to be provided for 1,150 ratings in hammock billets on the main and lower decks. In addition to the officers' quarters there are to be separate three- and four-berth cabins for the men's wives and families. Years ago the Government used to own its own troopships, but this was often a cause of friction between the army and the navy, so since 1894 the work of troop-carrying has been largely in the hands of the big shipping companies, which have done the job with great efficiency and economy. Now that the companies are being guaranteed longer contracts they are able to fit out these ships in much more comfortable style

A RECRUIT TO THE AFRICAN TRADE: The Ellerman-Hall liner, *City of Edinburgh*, being towed out of Birkenhead at the start of her maiden voyage to South Africa

ALL OUT ON THE MEASURED MILE: *Campeador V*, a new twin-screw motor yacht of 200 tons, running her trials off Torcross, Devon, before being handed over by the builders to her owner, Mr. Vernon Macandrew, the well-known West Country yachtsman. Next summer the *Campeador* will be a familiar sight at all the big regattas, as she will act as parent ship to Mr. Macandrew's twelve-metre sailing yacht *Trivia*, which has had seventeen or more winning flags this season and will doubtless be again carrying off many of the major prizes when 1939 comes along



AMERICA BUILDS AN OCEAN GREYHOUND: This network of steel rising in the shipyards at Newport News, Virginia, represents the first stage in the construction of the 34,000-ton liner which is being built for the United States Lines and will take the place of the old *Leviathan* on the western ocean. She will be launched in July of next year and will enter the service early in 1940

A MATCH IN PROSPECT: Rose (Dorothy Hyson), the hope of an impoverished Welsh family, meets Harry Lestrange (Barry Sinclair), the dashing young Beau Sabreur, and both at once succumb to each other's charms, though each is pledged to another. An episode from *She Too Was Young*, the play by Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister, which was presented last month at Wyndham's. It has its setting in Wales in the 70's

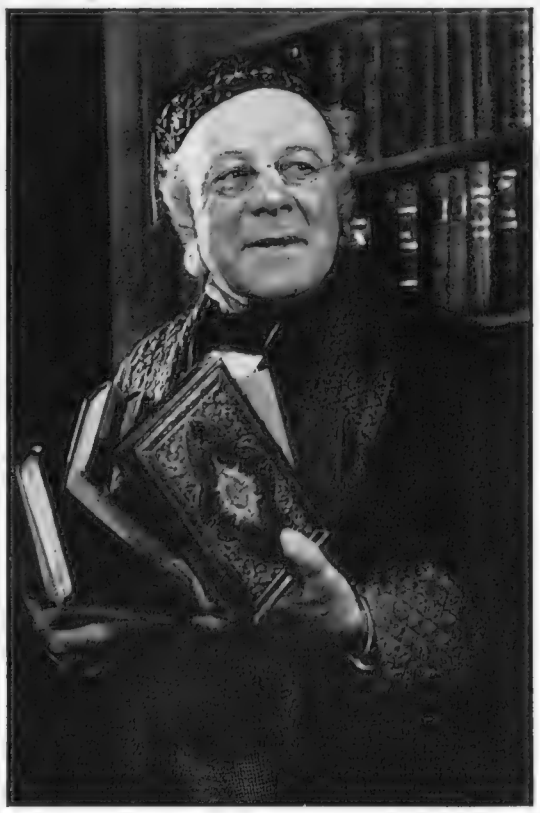
MUTUAL CONSOLATION: Dr. Evan Jones (Alan Webb), the conscientious young practitioner, and Kate (Ann Todd), who have both been thwarted in love, their respective partners (depicted *on left*) having joined forces, once again seek each other's company. Another episode from *She Too Was Young*, the period piece at Wyndham's, which, though at times verging on the novelettish, is notable for some first-rate acting

ALTHOUGH the gallery ran riot in an uncomplimentary sense during certain *longeurs* of *Running Riot*, this is, on the whole, almost up to the Gaiety standard of fun, which is a high one. For myself, I cannot help but enjoy any play in which that buffoon of consummate genius, Mr. Leslie Henson, appears, and I would be content to leave it at that. But there is much more in *Running Riot* than Mr. Henson, and not all of it so welcome.

An unwelcome innovation is the present habit of presenting all musical plays in two acts only, for some unfathomable reason. Non-musical plays are given in three or even four acts and the arrangement works well enough, particularly for those who run the refreshment bars. For the musical play there is one interval only—crowded, hectic, and all too short—which means that the acts are too long.

The first act of this play lasted, at the first performance, for close on two hours. That is to say, it was about the same length as the first act of Wagner's *Parsifal*, and some of it just about as funny. Probably sheer exhaustion made the gallery restless after a seemingly endless comedy scene which constantly missed fire.

Then a very serious ballet of vaguely sentimental *Chinoiserie* tended to strain our patience. Do we need ballets in Gaiety musical comedies? I think not, except in so far as they give a break to Miss Louise Browne, who is a good dancer and can spin round and round and round like a teetotum or Mlle Baronova. Russian ballet, however, is nowadays almost continuous in the West End of London, and is not, as it used to be, confined to the balletomane public, having also its theatre-going patrons in plenty. Musical-comedy ballet inevitably falls short in comparison, and this one, not even being a good specimen of its kind, fell short with a bump. Incidentally, any ballet should tell its own story, if it has one, by its mime. The plot of this one was solemnly declaimed, during the action, through a loudspeaker, which suggested a parson reading the lessons.



THE BITTER TRUTH EMERGES: *Above*—Arrayed for her marriage to the dull young doctor, Rose (Dorothy Hyson) learns from her father that the letters from the man she really loves have been systematically burnt and her penitent mother (Marie Ney) kneels before her to ask forgiveness. *Right*—Edmund Gwenn as the usually genial, but sometimes explosive father in *She Too Was Young*—the latest play with a Victorian setting to be presented on the London stage

Which brings me to the plot of *Running Riot*. This was not much more important. Something about a film star being kidnapped, and the two proprietors of a travelling penny gaff being mistaken for film actors, and melodramatic adventures in the Chinese quarter of the East End.

What was important was the comic adornment Mr. Henson, Mr. Fred Emney, and Mr. Richard Hearne, those Three Doughty Musketeers of Fun, were able to add. There was more of this in the first act, despite its almost intolerable length, than in the second, which fizzled out rather tamely. Absolutely first-rate was Mr. Henson in his effort to keep pace with a vocal male chorus in an action song about a brass band, and in an absurd office scene when top-hats lodged on pictures and whiskers on clocks. Admirable, too, was the plump, monocled insolence of Mr. Emney and the leaps and falls of the versatile and volatile Mr. Hearne.

I was glad to see a return to burlesque—a relighting of the old Gaiety's sacred lamp. Mr. Emney and a comedy chorus gave full point to a burlesque of the floricultural scribblings of the more or less male writers who can make even a garden seem indecent (which must take a bit of doin'). There was also a clever dig at Mr. Noel Coward in a very Noelish and polysyllabic trio.

Mr. Roy Royston and Miss Louise Browne danced and sang, as of yore, "with easy grace"; although there was the usual stage quarrel the sentimentality was never stressed. Miss Mary Lawson had not much chance to show what a good soubrette she is, and Mr. Gavin Gordon still less to display his powers both as a singer and as a comedian with a pungently individual style. Mr. Rob Currie deserves full marks for his tiny study of a bucolic drayman. Mr. Debroy Somers's band, with some brilliantly clever orchestration and playing excellently throughout (never too loud), were yet again an asset, which is more than can be said of most of the music.

ON STAGE *and* SCREEN

Reviewed

BY PHILIP PAGE

The Flashing Stream.—Certain distinguished dramatic critics have written very good plays which have had very short runs. I, on the other hand, once wrote a very bad play which had a very long run, a less laudable achievement but one more convenient at the time (and possibly at any other time). An even more brilliant exception, and so far a lonely one, is Mr. St. John Ervine, who writes very good plays which have very long runs. But Mr. Ervine is no longer a practising member of the fraternity, being rather one of the elder statesmen of the drama, on which he writes learnedly and forcibly at leisurely intervals.

And now Mr. Charles Morgan, who has written a profoundly intelligent and original play in *The Flashing Stream*. I would not say that Morgan's stream, like Tennyson's brook, will go on for ever, but all play-goers who do not park their brains in the cloak-room before the curtain goes up should visit the Lyric Theatre.

A CRITIC TURNS PLAYWRIGHT: Margaret Rawlings as Karen Selby, Godfrey Tearle as Commander Ferrers, and Laurier Lister as Lt. Commander Sanford in Charles Morgan's new play, *The Flashing Stream*, which was presented last week at the Lyric Theatre. For the past twelve years Mr. Morgan has been dramatic critic of *The Times*, achieving distinction with his scholarly reviews. Philip Page discusses the play this week, describing it as profoundly intelligent and original

convention is a godsend. When you have in a play a naval officer as handsome as Mr. Tearle and a girl as beautiful as Miss Rawlings, you expect the officer to do all manner of gallant and romantic things, and the girl to adapt herself picturesquely to those things. You do not expect them to indulge in technical discussions on aerial torpedoes. The action is set "in a Naval Experimental Station in the British Atlantic Island of St. Hilary" and is concerned with Mr. Tearle's invention of a device to defeat enemy aeroplanes.

He is assisted by Miss Rawlings and some male experts, and when the day for testing comes, the invention fails. Will the admiral make a favourable report, so that the work may continue and be submitted to another test? What will the attitude of the Admiralty be? Mr. Tearle, being a fanatic and therefore vastly conceited (or, if you like, with an unshakable faith in himself) refuses to admit any error in his calculations, though if he will make some such admission the Admiralty will allow him to go on experimenting. So Miss Rawlings tells a lie—says he went wrong in his arithmetic or something—to save him from himself and from the Admiralty's cold shoulder, and all is well.

Since I know less of the higher, or even the lower, mathematics than I do of Sanskrit, I cannot say whether there is a technical flaw here—and the whole play is almost overwhelmingly technical. That does not prevent it being, for the most part, what is vulgarly known as "good theatre." The authenticity, both in detail and in atmosphere—the author was for a time a naval officer—is, perhaps, more convincing than the *dénouement*.

One must not, however, lose sight of the fact that this "hero and heroine" are deliberately represented as fanatics, and fanatics do not

(*Continued on page 432*)

A STORY OF NEWSPAPER LIFE: Barry K. Barnes as the reporter who gets heavily involved in a murder case, and Alastair Sim as his chief in *This Man is News*, the Paramount British film which was very well received when press-shown a few days ago

I am glad to have seen *The Flashing Stream* and shall be still more glad when I have read it, which will be possible towards the end of this month, when it is to be published. Meanwhile, following a Shavian precedent, the author has already issued a foreword, the following extract from which I reprint herewith, because it sets forth, far better than I can, the purport of his play. And saves me a lot of trouble.

"Many are persuaded by despair that against the violence of the contemporary world there is no remedy but to escape or to destroy; but there is another within the reach of all—of a woman at her cradle or a man of science at his instruments, of a seaman at his wheel or a ploughman at his furrow, of young and old when they love and when they worship—the remedy of a single mind, active, passionate, and steadfast, which has upheld the spirit of man through many tyrannies and shall uphold it still . . . This singleness of mind, called by Jesus purity of heart, the genius of love, of science and of faith, resembles, in the confused landscape of experience, a flashing stream, 'fierce and unswerving as the zeal of saints,' to which the few who see it commit themselves absolutely. They are called 'fanatics,' and indeed they are not easily patient of those who would turn them aside; but, amid the confusions of policy, the adventure of being man and woman is continued in them . . . ."

Who are the fanatics of *The Flashing Stream*? They are mathematical fanatics in the persons of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, a naval officer, and Miss Margaret Rawlings, a young girl in love with him. Now that is surprise No. 1—and any change from theatrical

DESPONDENCE: The young reporter (Barry K. Barnes) and his wife (Valerie Hobson) sit disconsolate after the former has been dismissed from his paper. It is then they have the not-so-bright idea of creating a fictitious murder story, which proves to be far from fictitious, thus landing them in a whole series of troubles. Another episode from the Paramount British film *This Man is News*. It is full of good situations and the movement is swift from start to finish

INTERPRETER OF TOLSTOY: Mr. Aylmer Maude, who died last week at the age of 80, was an intimate friend of the great Russian writer and translated many of his works into the English language, his success in doing so being recognised by the grant in 1932 of a civil list pension of £100. It is said that when they first met, many years ago, Maude frankly told Tolstoy that he had read his books and disagreed with many of his conclusions. The Russian author was not offended; he talked and argued for long with Maude, and at that meeting began a friendship which was to last until Tolstoy's death

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A COUNTERBLAST TO CRONIN'S "CITADEL"

In "Dr. Bradley Remembers," Francis Brett Young Reveals, with a Simply Told Story, Some Worthy Features of Medical Life

By VERNON FANE

THE experiences of a doctor have always suggested admirable material to novelists. Sometimes doctors themselves have outpaced fiction by writing their own memoirs, and combining straightforward accounts from their case books with a best-selling flair for the dramatic.

In the last ten years these reminiscences and novels have commanded an increasing public, whether they exalted the medical profession, or took some shrewd digs at its less worthy members, as in *The Citadel*. Literature itself has had many recruits from medicine, among them Mr. Francis Brett Young, whose new novel, DR. BRADLEY REMEMBERS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), I have just read.

This is a book which has all the feeling of a best-seller, and I mean that in no derogatory sense of dismissing it as purely popular stuff with no further appeal to the intelligence, but as a good story with enough humanity, and enough of the technical side of doctoring reported and discussed, to make it inevitably a success.

Mr. Francis Brett Young knows his subject, a supreme advantage to any writer. He knows it well enough to write about it without that great air of conscious research which distorts the work of so many writers on specialised subjects, and makes their facts dull and their fiction heavy. He has some years of personal experience as a background, and the instinct of a practised novelist in his selection.

At seventy-five Dr. Bradley sits in his dismantled room, waiting for the new young doctor who is to succeed him in his practice, and remembers the long years which have made up his life of service, and love and disillusion. A few months before, an accident had left him with impaired faculties and hastened the date of his retirement, but on this night in his little Midland house, beside a dying fire, his memory was clear enough and took him back sixty years in time.

It took him back to the little boy whose father had died for a boast, taming a wild pony. It took him back to that same little boy learning anatomy, and learning in such a way that he never forgot it, from an old quack whose science lay solely in his hands. That little boy had grown into a gangling, distrustful youth, awkward in every social demand, but deft with his hands and learning accuracy in diagnosis.

The youth became John Bradley, the general practitioner, devoted to his calling and to his life in the little Midland mining town. His life-long friend from college days became one of the most brilliant of surgeons, and offered the young Bradley a share in his fame, but Bradley was a man in love, and he chose the tranquillity of a married life rather than a London career.

His married life was happy; not idyllically, but with those compromises which are so close to human experience. He loved his wife, and his wife idolised their only son. If there was a division of loyalties it was not enough to make any of them unhappy. Later, his wife died after the birth of a second baby, who was still-born. Slowly and bitterly John Bradley tried to pick up the threads of his life and create some kind of peace of mind for himself and his son.

The tragedy of his son was perhaps inevitable, but none the less moving in the reading. Bradley went on and faced other crises, partisanship, opposition, and the virtual boycott which was the result of his support of Lloyd George's Invalidity Insurance Act in 1913. These were all storms for him to weather, and through them all he pursued his calling, without glamour or advertisement, and frequently without payment, the calling of doctor to a long list of poor people and a dwindling number of more affluent patients.

There is nothing sensational in this long, sympathetically conceived story. It depends for its strength, and, as I think, for its success, on the sense of proportion which the author has never lost, and on his unfailing instinct for the simple humanities.

Some years ago he wrote *My Brother Jonathan*, a book to which this has some affinity. Now he has written its fitting companion, and one of the two best books of his career.

Fifty years earlier than 1914, Paraguay launched into a war which was to be a foreshadowing of the world war itself. Paraguay's dictator brought one of his most powerful enemies into the war against him when he invaded a neutral territory to engage a belligerent. In yet another parallel, he found it necessary to resort to trench warfare, and constructed the forerunner of the Hindenburg line, three deep, with each trench commanding the one before it, in case of retreat. Even the peace which concluded the war had an affinity with the Treaty of Versailles, since it provided that the conquered country should be "disarmed, occupied, regulated, bound to observe disarmament and boundary treaties for a period of years—and economically ruined."

So writes Mr. William E. Barrett, whose WOMAN ON HORSEBACK (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a biography, and an exciting one, of Francisco Lopez and his mistress, Eliza Lynch.

Lopez was a brute, but it is Mr. Barrett's contention that he was a consistent brute, and if his brutality was not dictated by a strange sort of justice, it was at least not capricious. As for Mrs. Lynch, who left Paris to share the fortunes of war and peace with Lopez, and to ride by his side in battles and retreats, Mr. Barrett shows her as one of the most remarkable women of history, ambitious with a fierce single-mindedness which was at first concentrated on herself and later on the future of her strange companion.

It must have been difficult to treat such melodramatic material with restraint, but the writer has made an excellent job of it and produced a "thriller" more strange and blood-curdling than fiction could offer.

The publishers tell us that Mr. C. A. Millspaugh is an American poet, and that MEN ARE NOT STARS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is his first novel. It is an imaginative book, written in the form of an autobiography told by the son of a man who thought he was a great artist—a genius, and discovered that he was a failure.

The style is tranquil, objective and direct. Neither he nor any of the numerous O'Riordan family have any illusions about that rich and roaring personality, their father, who angrily insists on painting the same old dramatic scenes from history at a time when dealers and buyers had already turned to modern art. They live in a ramshackle way in a great city of the Middle West, but in the summer this great noisy, temperamental, volatile, touchy and charming father drags them out into the country roads in a great horse-drawn caravan, where he makes sketches of the farmer folk, sells them to their subjects, and thus makes both ends meet.

One of the most charming characters in the book is the mother; patient, sane, sweet, devoted and strong.

The whole book has a quality, which only Irish writers seem to achieve, of great charm and gaiety combined with tragedy, and with no fear of appearing sentimental. The true poet knows how to attune sentiment to the tender treatment of realities. Altogether quite a remarkable first novel.

In the dear dead days when the world was talking disarmament Mr. Herbert Greene was employed by the Japanese to find out what he could of the activities of the American Naval Delegation, then resident at Claridges Hotel, London. Later, a "very high official, seated in a small room in the British Admiralty," said to him, "I am warning you, Greene, that if you are not more careful you will some day find yourself in the Thames."

But Mr. Greene had met a man called Y, and three years later a mysterious telephone call summoned him to the presence of a charming and cheerful man who looked like a typical Englishman. Mr. Greene, it seems, could speak some Spanish and Mr. Y was anxious to know "the Catalonian attitude to the war, the morale of the people in Madrid, the extent of the food supplies, and the amount of transport on the road."

SECRET AGENT IN SPAIN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Greene's own account of three journeys into Spain in search of this and other information. The adventures begin with a mysterious porter at Newhaven Harbour Station, from whom he receives

(*Continued on page 428*)

A NEW LIFE OF BURNS: *Above*—An impression of the poet in the days when he supplemented his slender income by acting as an exciseman, and (*right*) during his prosperous period in Edinburgh. These two woodcuts are by Keith Henderson and are among the many illustrations in his new book, *Burns—By Himself*, which has been ingeniously pieced together into a continuous story from Burns's diaries, letters, poems and other manuscripts

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—THE SOUL OF CÉZAR AZAN. By Alun Llewellyn. 7s. 6d. LIVING ALOUD. By Winifred Agar. 7s. 6d. BATSFORD.—A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD. By Sir Banister Fletcher. 10th edition. Illustrated. £2 2s. 0d. JONATHAN CAPE.—"KINGFISHER" ABROAD. By T. and T. Rising. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—THE SILVER RIVER: Being the diary of a schoolboy in the south Atlantic, 1936. By Alexander Comfort. 5s. THE LADIES OF ALDERLEY: Being the letters between Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and her daughter-in-law, Henrietta Maria Stanley. Edited by Nancy Mitford. Illustrated. 15s. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—OUIDA. By Yvonne ffrench. 8s. 6d. REIVERS' ROAD. By Richard Fisher. 7s. 6d. THE BRUNELS, FATHER AND SON. By Celia Brunel Noble. Illustrated. 15s. SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, ARCHITECT AND DRAMATIST, 1664—1726. By Laurence

(*Continued on right*)

Whistler. Illustrated. 21s. CAMBRIDGE.—AN INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. By Arthur Gardner. Illustrated. 18s. CASSELL.—BLOW THE MAN DOWN: An Anthology of Tales, True and Otherwise, for Yachtsmen. Edited by Eric Devine. 10s. 6d. RUINED CITY. By Nevil Shute. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—YOUTH GOES OVER. By Robert Brasillach. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—JULIE. By Francis Stuart. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—LOOKING BEHIND THE CENSORSHIPS. By Eugene J. Young. 10s. 6d. THE GREEN LEAF: A Tribute to Grey Owl. Edited and arranged by Lovat Dickson. 2s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—GERMAN BAROQUE SCULPTURE. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Photographs by Anthony Ayscough. 21s. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE AMBASSADRESS. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—APHORISMS OF YÓGA. By Bhagwan Shree Patanjali. 7s. 6d. AFRICA EMERGENT. By W. M. Macmillan. 15s.

DETAILS IN AUTUMN TWEEDS

Pouched Waistlines are seen on many of the new suits. The one above, in a red-brown checked tweed with a velvet scarf, is bloused at the sides. It costs 5 guineas and is made in excellent colours. The three-piece suit, of snuff-coloured boucle, is grand to look at and intensely practical. It costs 8½ guineas, and both come from Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W.

Flared Stoles are a feature of the coats we shall wear this winter. Above, on the left, is one in leopard on a black heavy wool boucle coat. The waist is accented by a wide patent belt, and the turned-back cuffs are an interesting new detail

Stripes are Starred for the autumn, and the more subtle their colouring the more effective they are. The suit on the left has a low pleated skirt and a trim double-breasted jacket striped in wine, yellow and grey-blue, the skirt, hat, and bag all wine-coloured. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.

Overlapping Seams are vitally important on all loose-fitting coats. On the right is a very beautiful travel coat in natural coloured Cashmere. It is collared with cross fox and has three overlapping seams at the back and two at the front. With the leopard-trimmed coat, it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

A FLY-OVER FLOWN OVER: The fly-over in the foreground carries over the Winchester–Petersfield road while in the right background the Winchester–Aldershot road is carried over by a single arch concrete bridge

GREAT NEW BRIDGE FOR GERMAN MOTOR ROAD: General view of the work in progress on the great new Saale bridge at Jena, Germany, to join up sections of the Reichs Motor Road

SPANNING THE TIBER: The new Duca d'Aosta bridge under construction in Rome. This bridge forms a part of the extensive reconstructions now taking place in the Italian capital

THREE NOTABLE NEWCOMERS

Notes on the New 12-70 Alvis, the 2·6-Litre M.G., and the Recently Announced 12-h.p. Vauxhall

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THIS week I am able to write something about the new 12–70 Alvis, the recently-introduced 2·6-litre M.G., and an entirely new 12-h.p. Vauxhall. At this time of the year it is usual for the details of new models to be released, but it is quite out of the ordinary to be able to deal with three such important models that I have mentioned in one issue. Last year the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., revived a four-cylinder model known as the 12–70. This well-known firm built up its excellent reputation on a car of this description, and so when one was reintroduced quite a commotion was caused.

The outstanding feature of the car was the adoption of a short wheelbase giving easy manœuvrability in either traffic or parking, and stability. Cutting the inches off the chassis, however, was inclined to cramp the space available for the occupants, and so for some time those responsible for the car have been busy trying to find where they could gain inches or even quarter-inches in order to give more internal roominess. Their efforts have been successful, and in consequence much extra room and increased comfort is now available, but in doing so the lines of the car have not been impaired, in fact if any alteration is noticeable the observer will agree with me that the lines and curves of the bodywork have been improved. This new model is to be known as the Type 2. In general, the chassis design remains unchanged, but certain detailed modifications have been made and these improve the smoothness of the power unit and the general silence of the car. I am glad to note that attention has been given to the space for luggage, for I feel certain that where a manufacturer really goes out of his way to provide reasonable luggage accommodation, he will reap the benefit in increased sales.

The new 2·6-litre M.G. is based on the popular 2-litre and is, in fact, a larger edition of this car. Readers will appreciate, therefore, that the new model can scarcely be looked upon as experimental, for, in fact, it differs only from the 2-litre by having more spacious coachwork and a larger engine. The 2-litre has been in production for two years, so that every detail of the chassis and body has been tried and proved by the public.

The M.G. Car Company found that there was a demand for something even larger than their popular 2-litre and so they have added this new model to their range. M.G.'s are, therefore, able to offer for the coming season a more complete range than ever before, comprising four distinct types ranging from the series T, with a capacity of a little over 1 litre, the 1½-litre, the 2, and now the 2·6-litre, all with a complete range of body styles priced at competitive figures.

I now come to the new Vauxhall which is to be known as the 12-Four. Vauxhall Motors Limited make some very definite claims for this car which, if they did not originate from a firm so well known and respected as Vauxhalls, might make one wonder if they could be substantiated, but knowing the famous Luton firm as I do, I have not the slightest doubt that in course of time when I try the car myself I shall find that I shall be able to confirm all their claims. To commence with, we have a 12-h.p. car with a guaranteed 35 m.p.g. under ordinary average conditions. To be able to run a car with a 4-cylinder 12-h.p. engine with such a cheap fuel bill is the first startling claim made for the new car. Then again, it is stated to be the cheapest Twelve on the market. That, of course, is a simple statement to verify. Next we come to the point that speed, roominess, and economy have all been wedded together in one car.

Speaking generally of the average motor car, if it is speedy it consumes much petrol. If it is roomy it likewise eats fuel because it has to be heavy. The Vauxhall people in their new 12-h.p. model have produced a car that looks big and is big, but by adopting a design which makes the body, as it were, take the place of the frame, they have given the owner room and yet reduced weight. By employing the body as a frame they have obtained a structure which they state is as strong as a bridge.

The weight of the complete car is 18½ cwt. By removing avoirdupois, a higher gear ratio can be employed, which is one factor that assists in allowing the car to cover 35 miles on a gallon of fuel, and, incidentally, with a higher gear ratio we get smoother and more pleasant running.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of all is the fitting of a carburettor which automatically provides six different mixtures. I have been privileged to inspect the experimental department of Vauxhall Motors at Luton and I have watched with particular interest the very thorough experiments they are continuously carrying out on carburettors. An immense amount of money must have been spent in conducting these experiments, but it has obviously been well spent, for 35 m.p.g. for a 12-h.p. car is something of an achievement. Independent front-wheel springing is included and many other features which are usually only found on really high-priced cars.

This new model provides ample room for five people and their luggage; it boasts of a maximum speed of 65 to 68 m.p.h., and it is further claimed that it accelerates from rest to 50 m.p.h. in 21·9 seconds. Yet it weighs only 18½ cwt. and runs 35 miles to the gallon of petrol. If space permitted me to give the whole complete specification readers would probably imagine that the price of the car was somewhere near £300, perhaps possibly more, but in actual fact the car is being offered to the public in saloon form for £189, with a de luxe model for £198.

Lately there has been a tremendous amount of discussion and correspondence on the subject of who is the best racing driver. As might be expected, it is a subject on which all sorts of people have very divergent views, but the matter is further complicated by the fact that frequently when two enthusiasts begin to argue they find that when they talk about the "best driver" they really mean the best driver in entirely different circumstances. For instance, a large number of racing fans vote strongly for "B. Bira," while others say, for instance, that Carraciola, the German ace, is streets ahead of everyone else. Possibly the German would not be nearly so polished in the cars that "Bira" drives, and the latter might not show up to advantage at the wheel of a Mercedes. I think, therefore, that when two people get together and start arguing as to what they really mean by the best driver, they should make certain what the "goal" really is.

To me it is a subject which will never get anyone anywhere, because there are so few common factors to provide comparisons. It is conceivable that a certain number of people might agree as to who is the best Mercedes driver or the best E.R.A. driver, but to compare the two is, in my opinion, quite hopeless. If we are ever to find out who is the best driver we must gather all the favourites at some track or another, supply them all with identical cars which, in itself, is almost an impossible thing to do, and then send them off at the drop of the flag. Much would depend on whether the race was for 10 miles, 100 miles, or 1,000 miles. Also, if the weather conditions were bad, a wet surface would make one driver show up perhaps more prominently than he would have done had the sun been shining all the time

THE LATEST ALVIS INNOVATION: The exceptionally smart and graceful 4-cylinder Alvis 12–70 type 2 saloon, which is described in the accompanying article

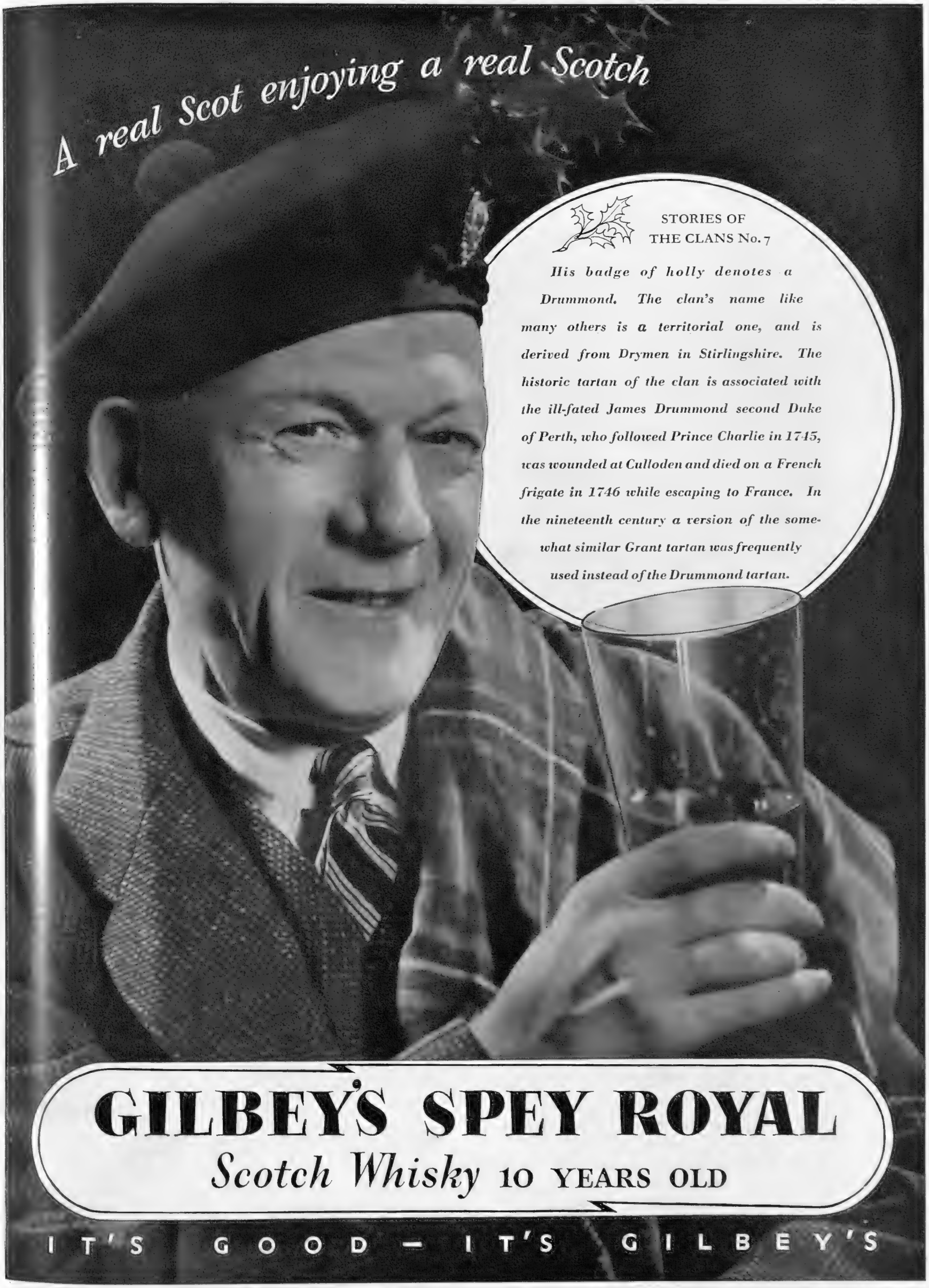
I often wonder what would happen if I stopped my car and went and spoke to a policeman to tell him what I thought of the way he controlled traffic. I do not know of any offence that can be committed in criticising an officer of the law as regards the way he is carrying out his work. I am not suggesting that I would use any swear or obscene words, neither do I contemplate knocking off his helmet or disarranging his tunic, but just to tell him in the politest manner possible that his control of traffic was quite infantile.

I can see that he might, in order to get his own back, summon me for causing an obstruction with my car by leaving it on the side of the road, but, of course, if I put it in a garage first on private property he would not be able to retaliate in that manner. I wonder if any of my readers have ever told a policeman that he was carrying out his duties in a poor manner, and if so, what was the result.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF
THE CLANS No. 7

His badge of holly denotes a Drummond. The clan's name like many others is a territorial one, and is derived from Drymen in Stirlingshire. The historic tartan of the clan is associated with the ill-fated James Drummond second Duke of Perth, who followed Prince Charlie in 1745, was wounded at Culloden and died on a French frigate in 1746 while escaping to France. In the nineteenth century a version of the somewhat similar Grant tartan was frequently used instead of the Drummond tartan.



GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL

Scotch Whisky 10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

From THE CAPE *To* THE FALLS

Venturing Into a Land Rich in History and Natural Splendours ; Air Services Devour the Union's Mighty Distances

SILENT UPON A PEAK: A Transkeian headman smokes his pipe contentedly as he looks down from his splendid isolation upon the fair lands of the Cape Province

THE romance of South Africa began for me years ago when a Portuguese silver piece of 500 reis came into my possession. It was struck in 1898 in the reign of the ill-fated Carlos in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the voyage of Vasco Da Gama which put beyond all doubt the existence of a route to India round the southern extremity of the African continent. His three small craft were 316 days on their voyage of 12,000 miles which took them to Calicut where the venturers landed in May, 1498. Da Gama brought two of his ships safely back to Lisbon in August the following year after an absence of two years and two months. Now the *Capetown Castle* and the other Union Castle mail ships are only 13½ days getting to Talib Bay. These times are nearly divided by three by the air liners, yet Da Gama's voyage into the unknown has always gripped me.

Each succeeding chapter in South African history has its thrills, and some of the most interesting of them have been written in our time, certainly in the years of the older ones among us. It is not easy to grasp the fact that we are still seventeen years short of the hundredth anniversary of the day when David Livingstone, explorer and missionary, first saw the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. Of course, they were known to the natives, who gave them the picturesque name Mosi-oa-tunya, meaning "The smoke that thunders," and we know not what "pre-view" was obtained by some adventurer who never returned, but Livingstone must be credited with being the first European to see them. At their western end, near the Devil's Cataract, there is a memorial to him and in his diary he has left a vivid account of the impression the approach to and revelation of the scene made upon him. Now it is a matter of a train journey of about 11 hours from Bulawayo. You may see them from the door of the hotel, but having got that far you will certainly make a much closer acquaintance, even to putting on a bathing costume and walking in the everlasting spray. The same railway runs on to the Congo, and in the other direction through Mafeking and Kimberley to the Cape, 47 hours' run from Bulawayo.

Quite a number of travellers landing at Cape Town make straight for the Falls, with perhaps short breaks at those two towns which underwent siege in the South African War, but the call at Kimberley, of course, is to see something of the great diamond industry. There is no difficulty in arranging that, and you will be shown a dazzling collection of stones.

PLAYGROUND OF THE PEOPLE: Muizenberg, which lies conveniently near Cape Town, has a wonderful stretch of sand and in summer its thronged beach is a sight to behold

A CITY, NOBLY PLANNED: Bulawayo is still in its infancy, but those who schemed it did wisely, creating broad, tree-lined thoroughfares that lend an air of dignity and spaciousness

Bulawayo is a very good centre from the traveller's point of view. In itself it is the largest town in Southern Rhodesia, but less than fifty years ago it did not exist. It was built close to the smoking ruins of the kraal from which Lobengula, the Matabele king, fled in 1893. In the pursuit Major Allan Wilson and his little company of thirty-three were cornered on the Shangani river. There was no survivor. The great war must have seen similar epics without number, many of them, alas, unrecorded, but the name of Major Wilson has come through life with me, so strong was the reaction of the boyhood mind. The hill in the Matoppos where there is a monument to the little band is also the resting place of Leander Starr Jameson, "Doctor Jim," friend and co-worker of Cecil Rhodes, the name most intimately associated with South Africa in all our minds. Rhodes lies in a spot he chose in that rugged jumbled mass of low granite hills, the Matoppos.

Some eighteen hours' run from Bulawayo is that unsolved problem, the Zimbabwe ruins. They inspired Rider Haggard's *She*, and what the film people did with that was probably as far removed from the facts as anything could be, but no one can escape the fascination of the stony link with a lost civilisation. Travellers with only a month to spend in South Africa might find Zimbabwe too much for their itinerary, but it really depends on how deep is the interest in the antiquarian aspect of the country.

There is a lot of ground to cover. After Bulawayo you will spend some time in Johannesburg and possibly establish a closer contact with some of the mines which have hitherto been associated with a Stock Exchange quotation. The city is a lively, go-ahead place, in contrast to the more sedate capital, Pretoria. Before leaving the Transvaal you must spend some time in the Kruger National Park, the world's greatest game sanctuary, 8,000 sq. miles in extent. The creatures living there range from the duiker, the smallest buck, to the elephant, and you see them in their natural surroundings at very close range.

There are many hundreds of miles of good roads in the park and it is a great experience to spend a few nights at one of the camps. In course of time other natural game reserves will probably be accessible to the public; a number are now in course of development.

Natal has a fine national park near Ladysmith. Another contribution Natal makes to the tourist interest is the Valley of a Thousand Hills, which can be easily reached from Durban, and the spectacle of this curious wave-like formation of the land is a great surprise for the traveller.

The southern coast line offers many opportunities for restful and refreshing breaks in the itinerary, which should also include a visit to the old capital of the Orange Free State, Bloemfontein. Before returning to Cape Town, stop at Oudtshoorn for a visit to the enormous Cango limestone caverns and to see something of ostrich farming.

In these travels you will have seen people of many races. The coloured folk are very friendly and will give you a smiling welcome to their settlements. Although in the mining centres in particular they are in such close contact with modern life and invention, in their leisure the cloak of civilisation is thrown aside and they are again simple savages giving vent to primitive passions in song and dance. You may be fortunate enough to see some of these native war dances.

Cape Town and the Cape Peninsula are essential parts of any itinerary either at the beginning or the end. The background on which the scenic setting of the peninsula is based is the imposing flat-topped Table Mountain. You can get to the top quite easily by a cable railway, the lower station of which is about half an hour's run from Adderley Street in the centre of the city. The cable ascent is done in seven minutes. Around the Cape Peninsula is a road of 100 miles with ever-changing panorama of glorious coast scenery and with the coming of spring the country puts on a beautiful garment of flowers.

Air services, like the railways, are very efficient in South Africa and enable you to visit in a comparatively short time many of the places I have mentioned. About 8,000 people go there from this country in a year, but three or four times that number come here; for many of the latter, however, it is the call of the homeland. In addition to its interest, South Africa offers the perfect retreat from winter, and I think we shall see many more people going there.

Beverley Brooke

"THE ORGAN PIPES": A curious rock formation in the Drakensberg Mountains of Natal where nature has wrought in superbly dramatic fashion

A fine collector's piece is this silver Standing Salt by—according to the Hall-marks—W.H. in London in 1664-5. To be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

The hall-mark of Bass is that Red Triangle which was the first Trade Mark registered in the United Kingdom and which, when it appears on the bottle-label, is your guarantee that the contents are the true Vintage Ale of England, recognised throughout the world as Britain's best and most reliable brew.

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Who's for a holiday in SOUTH AFRICA?

WHY not enjoy sunshine this winter instead of fog and sleet and biting winds? Exchange the familiar social routine or business round for new scenes and novel experiences in an atmosphere which is different yet not foreign.

Visit South Africa. See the majesty of this golden land where Nature works on a gigantic scale and where you can follow your favourite recreations, such as riding and golf, fishing and surfing. Experience the physical and spiritual exaltation that springs from days spent in glorious sunshine and air like champagne.

Eight weeks will be sufficient to ensure a comfortable visit to South Africa, including four weeks of delightful fair weather cruising out and back. The cost will not put an unduly heavy strain on your pocket. Illustrated publications are obtainable from the South African Travel Bureau, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2

CONTINUATIONS

CHICAGO: CITY OF SUPERLATIVES (Continued from page 402)

all shapes and sizes into its unfriendly arms. They scuttle away, smaller than insects on the floor of their cavern, and disappear into another of the stream-lined mansions which flank the street.

Some of these are banks where you can lose yourself for a day in a vista of white marble and blue carpet; others are blocks of offices with vestibules that are a miracle of chromium and steel and indirect lighting.

The greatest of Chicago's concrete marvels—the giant among giants—is the Merchandise Mart. Although not the highest building in the world, it covers a greater area than any other of the same type. Its office accommodation is the largest in existence. It has 90 acres of floor space.

At night, floodlights turn this mammoth of commerce into a fairy palace, reflected in the strange waters of the Chicago River—strange, because they have been canalised to run away from the lake instead of towards it.

The stockyards, famous for their size and their humane methods of slaughtering (and as a fire hazard), lie on the South Side. They're everything that can be desired. Animals go in one end and come out of the factories at the other—in cans.

Chicago's far South Side is given over to industry in a big way. Mile upon mile of factories, forests of chimneys, oil-tanks and smelting plants stretch away into the distance of Indiana. It is easy to believe that any of them is the largest in the world. As you drive back to the centre of town it occurs to you that the only streets worth looking at in Chicago are Michigan Avenue and La Salle Street. The rest are shabby and sordid. The suburbs are the dullest imaginable.

"Biggest in the World." That is the slogan of Chicago. It might have yet another—this city less than 100 years old which rose from the prairies of America to be a commercial wonder of the age. "Toughest in the World" would not be inappropriate for the crooks and politicians it has produced in its lifetime. The gangsters vanished with Prohibition, but the politicians remain, and even Chicagoans admit that the toughness lingers.

Every creed and nation is represented in Chicago's mixed population, from the old stock of the Middle-West to the riff-raff of Europe. Scandinavians, Latins, Teutons, Mongolians, Slavs, Negroes—they are all there. The one interest is the dollar.

* * *

The sun goes down behind Chicago, leaving the sky-line silhouetted against a shimmering backcloth. It is red-gold where the tiny clouds float like curling feathers; green and shining far above. The cars speed north along the outer drive, wing to wing between the calm lake and the city. Waves break gently on the beach, as they do on the south coast of England in June. The sunset light catches their crests. Beyond them the water fades into a blue mist of sky.

There is tranquillity here and the noise of the city is muffled to a roar. It is still daylight on the outer drive. Light gilds the highest roofs, but in the dusty inferno of the streets it is already dark. The crowds go by, their faces reflecting the glare of neon signs.

Above them the golden sky is slowly turning red. The feathery clouds blush rosily and the green overhead deepens to blue. An evening star winks behind the Pure Oil building. But the crowds rush on without a pause. The glory of the sky means nothing to them—they never have time to look up.

THE RISING TIDE OF PUBLIC SPENDING (Continued from page 418)

effective competition. The arrangements, apparently, included no provisions for facilities to examine the contractors' costs and books."

In 1936 the Postmaster-General appointed a standing committee to supervise the placing of bulk contracts and to evolve "some machinery whereby assurances may be obtained that the prices charged under these non-competitive agreements are fair and reasonable." That is all to the good, but is the principle of spending public money on non-competitive contracts sound or fair to competitive taxpaying industry?

The same reasoning can be applied to the expenditure of local authorities, and in many ways the figures of growing municipal debt are even more disturbing than those of national debt. In the year 1914, which was one of remarkable prosperity, the amount collected by local authorities in rates in England and Wales was £71,276,000, while the average rate was 6s. 8¾d. in the £ and the average amount of rates collected per head of population £1 18s. 11d. In 1938, a year of "recession" and economic difficulty, £176,000,000 will be collected, average rates being 11s. 7d. in the £ and the amount per head £4 6s. 3d.

Even more staggering are the figures of local debt. The loan debt of local authorities in England and Wales on March 31, 1936, was £1,451,000,000, and the present debt may be calculated from the statement that in the two years 1936-38 the Ministry of Health sanctioned further borrowing by local authorities to the tune of over £178,000,000. The debt of local authorities now represents a charge of over £40 on every man, woman and child in Britain.

The basic trouble in local government finance is that there is too little control over expenditure, and no machinery for exercising economy. In State expenditure there are three checks on spending, Parliament, the Treasury, and the Auditor-General, while in local government there is only one, the Ministry of Health sanction for loans, which does not appear, from the figures given above, to be very difficult to obtain. There is also in local government bodies a definite tendency for the party in power at any one time to attempt to outdo its rivals in "social progress." One party builds a new "civic centre," another a new technical college, the third a public library, a new hospital or housing estate, and in each and every case the ratepayers, their children and children's children, will have to foot the bill.

Social progress is a most admirable thing, but can we really afford it on such a lavish scale to-day? By the end of 1938 our adverse trade balance may amount to over £250,000,000; our invisible exports are decreasing, as evidenced by the fact that the number of British ships laid up increased from 41 in July, 1937, to 160 at the present time; our income from overseas investments is falling, and we are in fact not a creditor but a debtor nation, living far beyond our means.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 422)

instructions to proceed to Monsieur W. in Paris. From Monsieur W. he received a warning as to the integrity of some of his travelling companions and was instructed to report to a M. Aristide at Perpignan. Thereafter the adventures follow thick and fast.

In and out of Spain he journeyed three times, each succeeding trip being more perilous than the last; every kind of attempt was made upon his life.

Back in England he was still in danger. "On January 4, 1938, a friend and I left a certain Embassy in London. We were followed to Victoria Station where I caught the 5.35 train. From then on my memory is a blank until I found myself in hospital the following morning. Some of my papers were missing. I will let the *Mid-Sussex Times* complete the story: 'Mr. W. H. Greene, of Oak Cottage, Plumpton, is in the Haywards Heath Hospital suffering from head injuries sustained in a motor accident at Plumpton last week. He was found lying unconscious near his damaged car.'"

The author several times tries to make it understood by what motives he was inspired to engage upon a dangerous career of espionage, but somehow the narrative, at these points, goes galloping off into a fresh adventure and we are never quite clear about anything except that Mr. Greene has a vivid pen and a memory for details.

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In Quest of

Mixed Opinions about Holi= An Ideal Place for Those who

A COLLEAGUE of mine —anxious, I suppose, to enjoy a holiday in an environment slightly different from that in which he earns his living—has just returned from spending a holiday in the Isles of Scilly. His account of it seems to me to be of sufficient general interest to the travelling public to merit publication. So, this week, I am allowing him to tell you what he discovered there.

He writes: First of all, let me say that I enjoyed this simple holiday more, perhaps, than any other I have ever spent. I mention that to begin with, for I feel that opinions about the Isles of Scilly will be violent. Either you will like them immensely, or you will hate them; so it is just as well that you should know in advance what to expect.

The first problem which arises is how to get there. You start off in a train from Paddington—the night express to Penzance is the most satisfactory way to do it. After breakfast in this romantic outpost of the British Isles, you choose between the boat and the aeroplane. Since the former takes 3½ hrs. *on* the sea and the latter only 15 mins. *over* it, I personally chose the plane. And after a delightful trip which provides, incidentally, the most perfect introduction to the islands, I landed by the golf course at St. Mary's.

There are several hotels and guest-houses at St. Mary's—which is the principal island—and a large number of cottage apartments, on both that island and some of the others, to be had at modest prices. So far as I could see, there were three hotels which seemed to merit the description "principal"—Star Castle Hotel, Tregarthen's, and the Atlantic. Each is different in type, and each, I should think, is very comfortable. I stayed at Tregarthen's and found it exactly what I hoped for.

But in spending a holiday, the important question for most people is not so much "Where are we going to stay?"—important though that is—but "What are we going to do when we get there?" In the Scillies, you do nothing, or everything, according to how you look at it. Their priceless possession is a climate which I should think is unequalled in England, and air which must be unsurpassed anywhere. And life on the islands is based on making the most of these blessings. My own experience of lunching one day in my hotel was that I was almost the only person to do so. One rises early and breakfasts heartily. After that, the sea air and sunshine for the rest of the day.

I was told before I went that it would be necessary to hire a boat to enjoy the islands. But though it would doubtless have been fun to do so, I found that it was unnecessary, for the islands are joined by a frequent service

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Staying in the Scilly Isles—and Would Taste the Simple Life

of motor-boats which enables one to get about more or less at will. And, furthermore, you are able to take advantage of the wisdom of the boatmen in deciding where you are best advised to land to enjoy your picnic, walk, or bathe.

There are several services of motor boats, and doubtless there is little to choose between them. Personally I always used the two beautiful boats—the *Zedora* and the *White Hope*—owned by Mr. Poynter of the Atlantic Hotel; and by no means the least delightful part of the holiday were the friendly relations, quickly established, with his son and his two wily boatmen, Horace and John, who, between them, are responsible for running these boats.

You can embark at St. Mary's Quay in the morning and be dropped on practically any island you please for the day, being picked up again at 5 p.m. or 6 p.m.; or you can stay on the boat and do a round trip of the islands. Obviously, most people will prefer to be dropped for the day. But at least one morning spent on cruising round the islands and visiting the Bishop Rock is well spent.

You will notice if you use Mr. Poynter's boats that for a trip round to the Bishop the boatman John is the one who always drives you. The reason? Because John has the reputation of being the most skilful boatman in the islands to navigate the waters of the Western Rocks.

Each of the islands I found different and characterful in its own way. For most people, St. Mary's will be the best one as a headquarters, although a few will stay on Tresco, St. Agnes, St. Martin's or Bryher. Tresco is an island of tropical foliage and tropical birds. For those who appreciate this sort of thing, it is a paradise. St. Agnes and St. Martin's are the loneliest of the inhabited isles. Each of them offers perfect bathing and interesting walking. Bryher is the most varied in scenery.

Most of the islands are uninhabited, and on them—so long as the weather permits of a safe landing—you will likely enough be by yourself all day. And when all is said and done, there is nothing quite so romantic as being the sole inhabitant of a desert island!

This, then, is, in brief, the story of the Scillies. There are plenty of people who will dislike them, and they had better stay away. Those to whom the simple life appeals will find them perfect.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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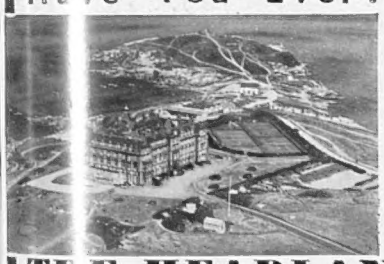

. . AWAKENED in the morning to the roar of the surf, with the gulls wheeling in the sunshine and the waiter wheeling in breakfast? Thinking—shall it be golf, or a drive up the coast to Tintagel, a fishing line off the point or just a stroll and a surf-bathe before lunch?

. . AWAKENED again in the evening to the clink of glasses in the bar, the murmur of conversation at dinner . . . and finished up to the strains of Shirley Waldron's Band keeping time in the Ballroom?

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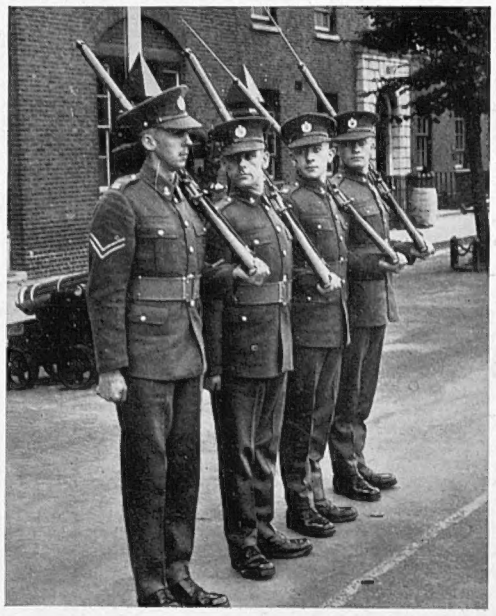
BAROQUE SWAN-SONG (Cont. from page 415)

Hercules (in armour) with the lion's skin and club while a winged Victory assisted by the inevitable Cupid holds before him the Sun of Glory (the ubiquitous sun of the Roi Soleil); but the drama in Johann Feichtmayr's *St. Scholastica* (1750–1755) seems mild indeed when we recall the *Mater Dolorosa* (Valladolid) and *Christ* (Valladolid) by the Spaniard Gregorio Fernandez (1566–1636)—to say nothing of the drama in Grünewald's altarpiece at Colmar (c. 1510).

Writing of the stucco decorations by J. B. Zimmermann in the "Rich Rooms" at the Munich Residenz, Dr. Pevsner says: "At a court such as that of Max Emmanuel and Karl Albrecht of Bavaria a wedding or birthday celebration might cost 100,000 florins, a fireworks 50,000 florins. Mirofsky's salary for the carving in the bedroom was 10,000 florins, for that in the green gallery at the Reiche Zimmer it was 7,200 florins, and the gold embroidery of the bed was said to have cost 800,000 florins"; but Claude Gillet and Watteau, the French pioneers in Rococo "chinoiserie" and "arabesque" decoration, received no such extravagant sums; and Dr. Pevsner himself admits that the interiors at the Residenz (as those also at the Amalienburg) are "over-crowded with a rank growth of decoration, thick bundles of palm branches, vases, wildly jagged *rocaille*, trophies, and *putti*."

Mr. Sitwell and his colleagues would seem in fact to have done their artists more than a shade too proud. But in so doing they have produced an attractive book which is a real contribution to the meagre English literature on the subject, and which is also an indication of one aspect, at any rate, of contemporary taste.



BY ORDER OF THE WAR OFFICE the use of puttees has been discontinued among all troops in the Chatham Garrison, and for the time being the men are to wear Service dress trousers with ankle boots and grey regulation socks for ceremonial parades, training, and walking out. The regulation, which has caused much comment, will remain in force until the Army Council gives further consideration to the scheme and finally deliberates on its merits

ON STAGE AND SCREEN (Continued from page 421)

behave as other folk. They have little sense of proportion and no sense of humour, which may be much the same thing. It is the lack of such qualities that allows them to argue about "K" being "constant" and the differential calculus and so forth when they are in the middle of a love scene. I have never observed mathematical experts in the mating season and am willing to accept this as another of Mr. Morgan's authentic touches.

This strange, attractive play is immaculately acted, Mr. Tearle and Miss Rawlings being supported by, among other fine performances, those of Mr. H. G. Stoker as a hen-pecked admiral and of Mr. Felix Aylmer as a kindly and epigrammatic First Lord of the Admiralty. I doubt whether Mr. Aylmer is like any First Lord. But it would be pleasant to find all First Lords like Mr. Aylmer.

A Really Intimate Revue.—The little Grafton Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road is a matey spot. The auditorium consists wholly of a sort of dress-circle which reaches down to the tiny stage with no space for an orchestra. It is therefore an ideal theatre for the type of show presented there, an intimate revue, now in its second edition, entitled *Merrily We Go*. This lives up to the label, and six authors and composers have had a hand in it. So clever are most of the members of the company that it is quite unnecessary for the programme to proclaim the fact, and, on the "good wine needs no bush" principle, rather tactless.

When I am thus informed, in the matter of one actor (whose name was quite unfamiliar to me), that "his art and grace are known not only in Britain but in every capital in Europe" I am not exactly prejudiced in favour of that actor. And the verdict should be left with the audience as to whether another performer will "charm you with his voice and personality."

However, the wine *is* good, bush or no. Mr. Douglas Knox Crichton makes a genial *compère* and introduces Miss Rosamund Norton, in songs and sketches; Mr. Barry Phelps, who sings charmingly and amusingly at the piano; Mr. Roy Carlton, whose speciality seems to be comic interruptions; and Miss Nora Ford, who dances. The audience took to community singing *con amore*, and the rafters or the welkin or whatever they have at the Grafton rang with "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," and "A bicycle made for two."

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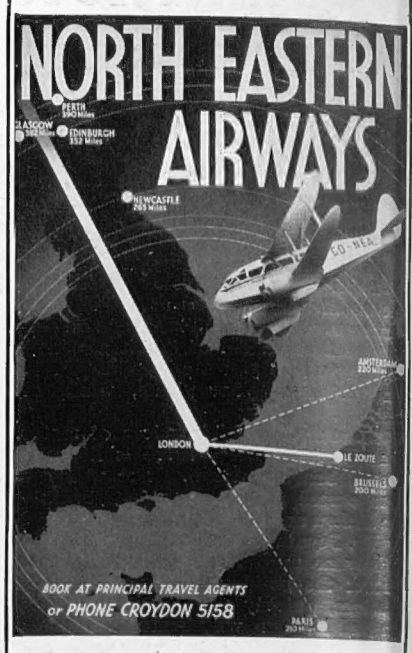

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Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

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Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

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Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie." Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London.)

Eaton Socon (56¼).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl., W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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